THE BYSTANDER
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NOVEMBER 11, 1931

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the BYSTANDER

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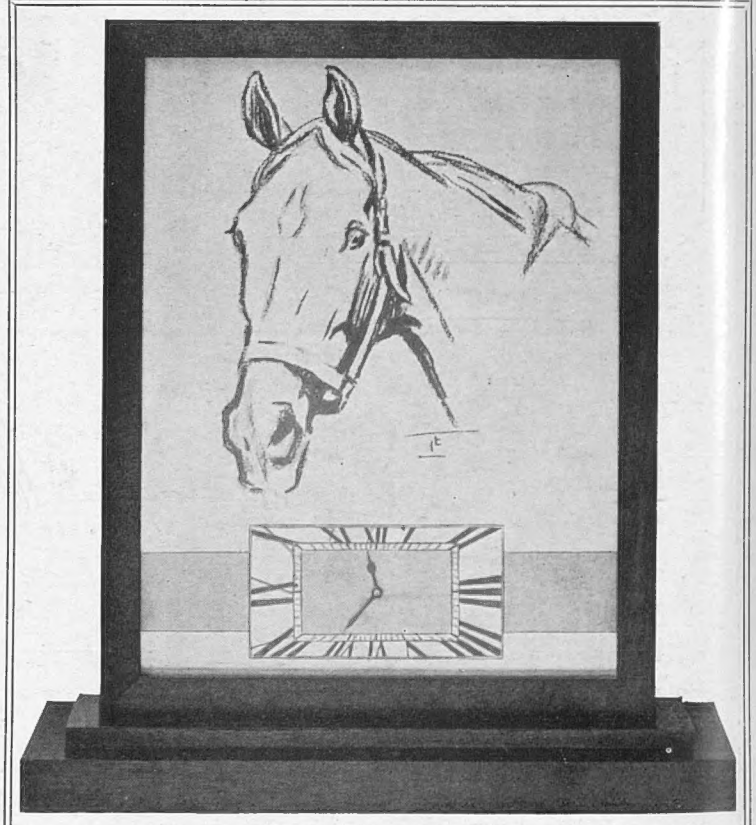

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The Bystander, November 11, 1931

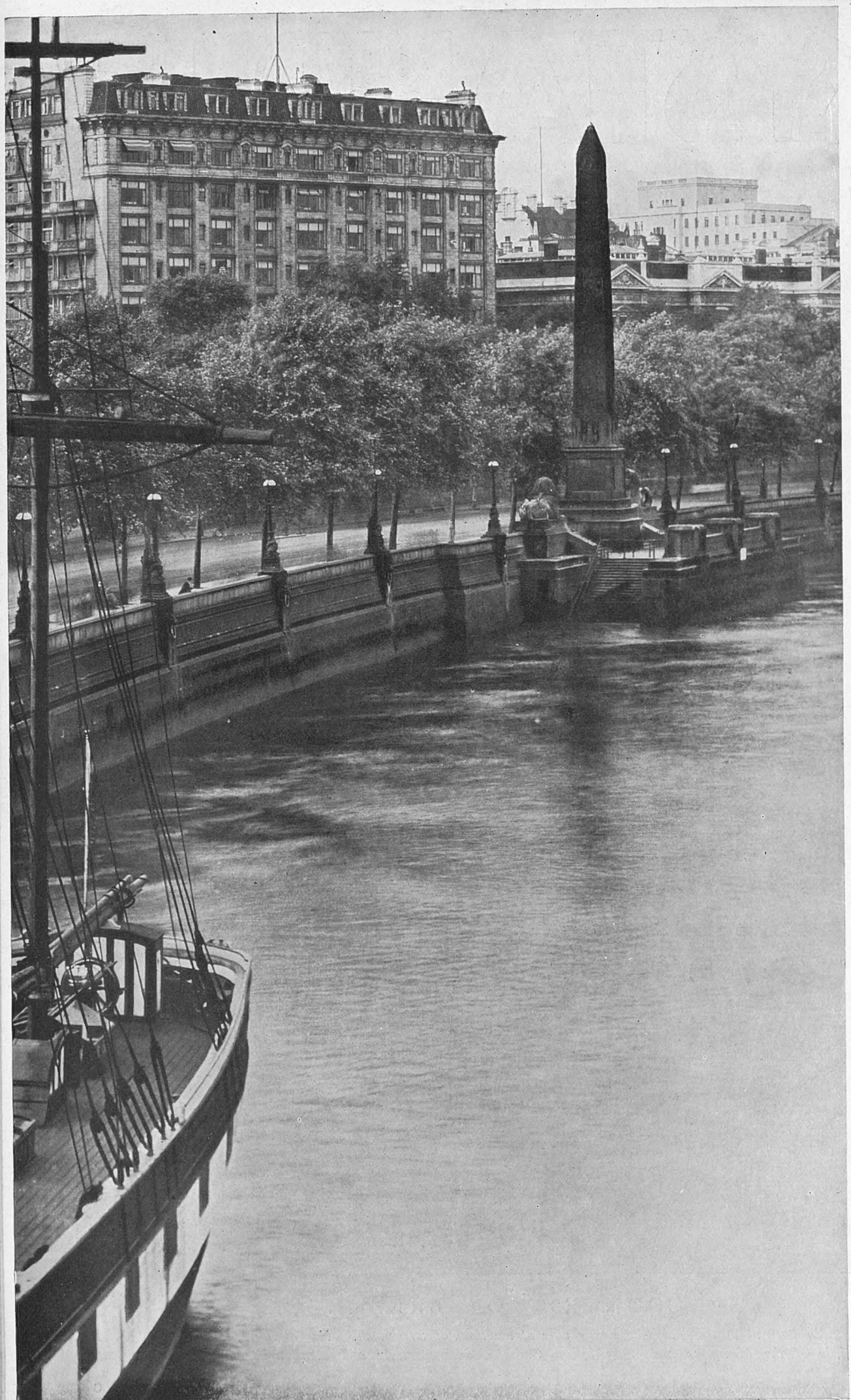
the BYSTANDER

No. 1456. Vol. CXII.

Paul Tanqueray

THE COUNTESS OF BRECKNOCK

A recent studio portrait of the charming young wife of the Earl of Brecknock. Her husband, who is the elder son and heir of the Marquess and Marchioness Camden, was formerly a lieutenant in the Scots Guards



A PICTURESQUE CORNER OF LONDON-ON-THAMES

One of the most beautiful corners of our ever-changing London is still the corner of the Victoria Embankment seen here, with Cleopatra's Needle in the centre and the world-famous caravanserai, the Savoy Hotel, in the background. The Thames, which was once the main traffic artery of London, may yet return to her former state, for now that our streets are so hopelessly congested, interest in river traffic is reawakening and speed-boats will soon be seen bearing City-bound business men to and from the scene of their labours

"A-HUNTING WE WILL GO"

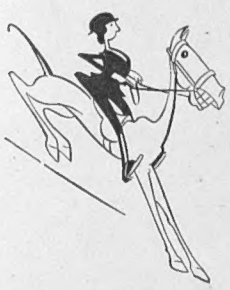
The field moving off to draw the first covert following the opening meet of the Whaddon Chase at Cublington, near Aylesbury. Other hunting photographs will be found on pages 264, 265, 296 and 297

the passing hour

PARLIAMENT has met again, and charity organisers are busying themselves in a great effort to sell the hundreds of ball-tickets which have been left on their hands because of the excitement of the Election. One of the best of the charity affairs is the one which the Duchess of Sutherland is organising on behalf of the Royal Northern Hospital, and the Prince of Wales, who has stuck to his resolution of not going out to any of his favourite dance clubs or restaurants, has promised to be there.

THIS is the All Hallow-een Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House, and its object is to make up the £3,000 necessary for maintaining the Rosemary Ednam Ward. £2,200 has already been collected, and it is hoped that £800 will be made from the proceeds of the Carnival. The Duchess was telling me the other day that the ward, which is for expectant mothers, has twenty beds, and there are hopes that it may develop into a complete extension of the hospital.

ONLY a few hundred of the 1,200 tickets have been sold. But one may expect quite a rush now that the elections are over. Princess George Imeritinski will again demonstrate her skill on the ice, and so will Miss Freda Whittaker. It is not known whether the Prince of Wales himself will venture out on skates, but there is always a possibility of this. The All Hallow-een Carnival is one of the best events of the Little Season, and the late Lady Ednam's very many friends are sure to turn up in force.



THE fashions in party-giving are changing rapidly with the times. Alas for the wine merchants, champagne is in danger of being considered almost bad form except at weddings. Lady Hadfield, for example, who lives in Carlton House Terrace, is starting a series of small Monday night parties where the bill of fare will consist largely of beer and "hot dogs." In addition, there will be some entertainer at the piano, and a small orchestra. It sounds very jolly.

I WAS dining with Lady Hadfield the other night at the Dorchester. Two other members of

Lenare

MISS JEAN HAY

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. William Vivian Makins, Welsh Guards, the eldest son of Sir Paul Makins, Bart., and of the late Lady Makins. The daughter of the late Lord Arthur Hay and of Mrs. Robert Leatham, she is the niece of the Marquess of Tweeddale

A NOTABLE WEDDING

the party were the son of a peer and the very pretty daughter of a famous general. They are engaged, but are still keeping it secret. I expect, though, that it will be shortly announced. Another of the guests was Lady Hadfield's nephew, M. Michel de Buisseret, whose father was the Belgian Ambassador at Petrograd in 1917. As a result, M. de Buisseret was very nearly shot by the Bolsheviks, and, in fact, saw several people murdered in the streets.

ONE of the events of last week was undoubtedly the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Harman and Mr. Frank Pakenham, whose brother, Lord Longford, made one of his infrequent visits to London for the occasion. The wedding took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and I have never seen a bride decked with more lovely old lace. The bridesmaids, who included Lady Violet Pakenham and Lady Joan Villiers, wore little coatees of contrasting colours.

THE DISTAFF SIDE OF TH

Conservative women Members of Parliament on the Terrace of the House, where, in summer, tea parti Mrs. Shaw, Lady Iveagh, Miss Irene Ward, Miss T. Cazalet, Mrs. H. R. Tate, Mrs. Ida Copelan Atholl and Mrs. Na

Hay Wrightson

THE HON. SHEILA BAMPFYLDE

Whose marriage to Mr. D. F. B. Stucley, Grenadier Guards, the eldest son of Sir Hugh Stucley, Bart., and Lady Stucley, will take place early in the New Year. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Poltimore

AMONG the guests was Miss Pat Richards, whose fiancé, Lord Jersey, has had to go into a nursing home for a few weeks. I gather that they are going to be married in January, and Miss Richards will be getting an English trousseau. There is no doubt about it, it is become not only patriotic, but positively smart, to dress in London. Lady Dufferin and Lady Lindsay-Hogg were two other decorative guests at the wedding.

THE reception, which took place at Grosvenor House, was crowded. Here Lord Birkenhead made an impromptu speech, before toasting the newly married couple, with all the assurance of his late father. It was at Grosvenor House that someone was talking of the etiquette which insists on a bridegroom offering his left arm to his bride as he walks down the aisle. It is, of course, the only occasion when he should not offer his right arm. It dates back to the days when the bridegroom had to have his sword-arm free to protect his bride from any attempts to kidnap her.

THAT night a large dinner party was given for the bridesmaids and some of the ushers. London, indeed, is becoming gayer every night. Even Monday nights are getting crowded. The Embassy is feeling particularly pleased with the return to normal, and there has been hardly a single table available for people arriving after 11.15 p.m. Several of the other guests at the Harman-Pakenham wedding were there that evening. I also saw

Miss Peggy Salaman and Mr. Gordon Stu flight from England to the Cape. They "Good Hope," before

A ROYAL VISITOR TO DEVONSHIRE

HOUSE OF COMMONS

are so popular with members and their friends. Seen above, from left to right, are Lady Astor, Mrs. Ward, Miss Horsburgh, the Hon. Mary Pickford, the Duchess of Rutland

Lord and Lady Queensberry and a number of other young married couples.

S

At the Malmaison, which I also visited, there were several parties, including that of Mr. and Mrs. de Winton Wills. At the Monseigneur Russell Johns has stepped into the shoes of Douglas Byng. He does not, however, sing such risqué songs. Mr. Johns, who should be ideal for a musical comedy lead, is a nice-looking young man, far too healthy in appearance for the average cabaret act. He is an American, and has many admirers of his art.

S

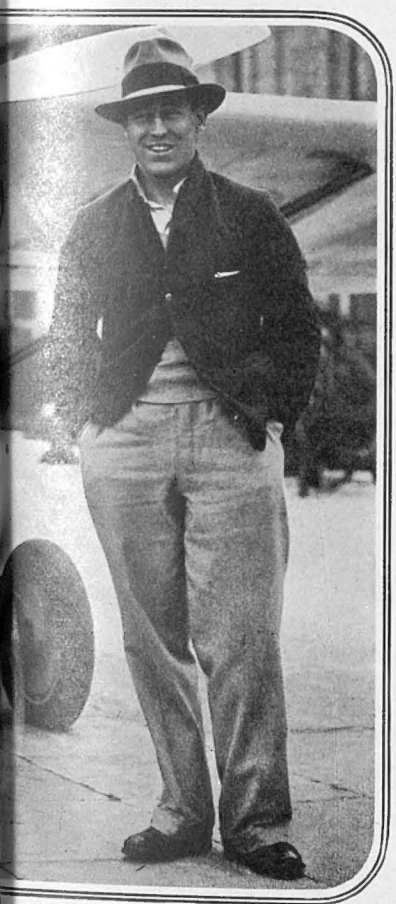
I am often asked by visitors to London in which restaurants one sees the most Society celebrities. It is a difficult question to answer, but the Embassy Club, both for luncheon and supper, is always full of well-known people. The Ritz, for luncheon, is perhaps the best place of all to be seen and where one can see celebrities. Among the more intimate restaurants probably Quaglino's, in Bury Street, holds the record at present. The other night I was dining there with Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, who has left his beloved Riviera for a short visit, and I saw, among others, the Marquess and Marchioness of Queensberry, Marquess of Anglesey, Lord Milton, Lady Alington, Lord Inverclyde, Lord Tennyson, the Ranee of Pudukota, Capt. Loeffler, Lord Ivor Churchill, Lord and Lady Melchett with a party, and last, but not least, Mr. Michael Arlen.

S

The night before when I dropped in for a few minutes I saw, among others, the Duke of Sutherland, Earl of Carnarvon, the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Marlborough, the Aga Khan, Grand Duke Michael, Lord Adare, and the Hon. Wilfred Egerton. That seems as good a list as one can collect casually. Quaglino's cuisine, service, lighting, and the dance orchestra present irresistible attractions.

S

Just before Noel Coward left for South America he met Rowland



who recently established a new record for a seen beside Miss Salaman's Puss Moth, out on their successful flight

The Duke of Connaught, who recently expressed his intention, on patriotic grounds, to winter in England instead of in France this year, walking on the sea front at Sidmouth, where he is staying. With him is Major Berkeley Levett, C.V.O., who was appointed an Extra Equerry to the Duke in 1922

THE ATTRACTIONS OF WINTER CRUISES

Bertram Park

Miss Averil Streatfeild, daughter of Sir Henry Streatfeild, of Lochinch Castle, Wigtonshire, a keen worker in the cause of Charity, this being a matinee at the London Hippodrome, which takes place to-day (Wednesday) in aid of the Ivory Cross National Dental Aid Fund

Leigh in the Savoy Grill. "Tell me, Noel," said Leigh, "How is your little whimsy at Drury Lane?" "Not so bad, Rowly," was the reply. "You know the kind of stuff—it is in the best A. A. Milne vein." Mr. Milne ought to feel complimented by the riposte, which was made with perfect good nature.

I HAVE been sent a copy of a letter received from Admiral Carpendale, the controller of the British Broadcasting Corporation. In it the gallant Admiral says, "My attention has been called to a misconception which has arisen over a passage in the broadcast talk which I gave a fortnight ago on the crisis." He then adds: "Just as it is right to buy British goods, it is right also to book a passage in a British ship. A cruise in a British ship is next best to a holiday in a British watering place."

AMONG the winter sunshine cruises in British ships I see that the Empress of Britain starts her world cruise, in the course of which she will visit twenty-three countries, on November 21. It costs 417 guineas to go in her, and you don't come back to England until April 15. At the other end of the financial scale is a sixteen-day cruise in the 19,000 tonner Laurentic, visiting Vigo, Casablanca, Tangier, Algiers, Palma, Gibraltar and Lisbon—all for £25!

AT the Windmill Theatre in Piccadilly Circus, many well-knowns were present at the private presentation of the all-British film, "Livingstone." They included Lord and Lady Denbigh, the Duchess of Newcastle, Lord and Lady Allenby, Lady Bertha Dawkins, Mr. Alfred Noyes, Mr. Hugh Walpole, the Master of Sempill, Colonel Laurie, and others.

Bertram Park

Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea, who is on the Young People's Committee of the Three Hundred Ball in aid of the National Children Adoption Association, which will take place on Friday, November 13, at Claridge's Hotel

The stage, too, was well represented—Miss Elizabeth Allan, dressed in black velvet, was there—Nicholas Hannen came in, and Miss Athene Seyler, Miss Diana Wynyard and Miss Lilian Braithwaite were also in evidence. The film has been newly edited and synchronised, and is now to run for a season at this theatre.

The Piccadilly Six, who made their first appearance in the Cabaret Revels at the Piccadilly Hotel last Monday. The girls have been selected as typical representatives of English beauty. The eldest is only 21. They have been trained by Miss Alison Maclaren, the clever young producer of dances, and Dudley Rolph, from Daly's, is singing in numbers with them

ONE of the most cheerful and yet inexpensive balls last week was the Autumn ball on Guy Fawkes night at the Portman Rooms. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were present, for the ball was being held to help the funds of the Middlesex Hospital, and Lady Violet Astor acted as hostess. Amongst those who took part in the cabaret were Cecily Courtneidge and Nelson Keys, Ross and Sargent, "Trocadero" Tiller Girls, the Tod Brothers, Eric Marshall and Santos Casani, and the tickets were only 5s. each!

ON Friday the Three Hundred Ball is taking place at Claridge's. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone has promised to be present, and Lady Bertha Dawkins has been very busy over the final plans. One of the novelties will be the cabaret by a Young People's Committee headed by the indefatigable

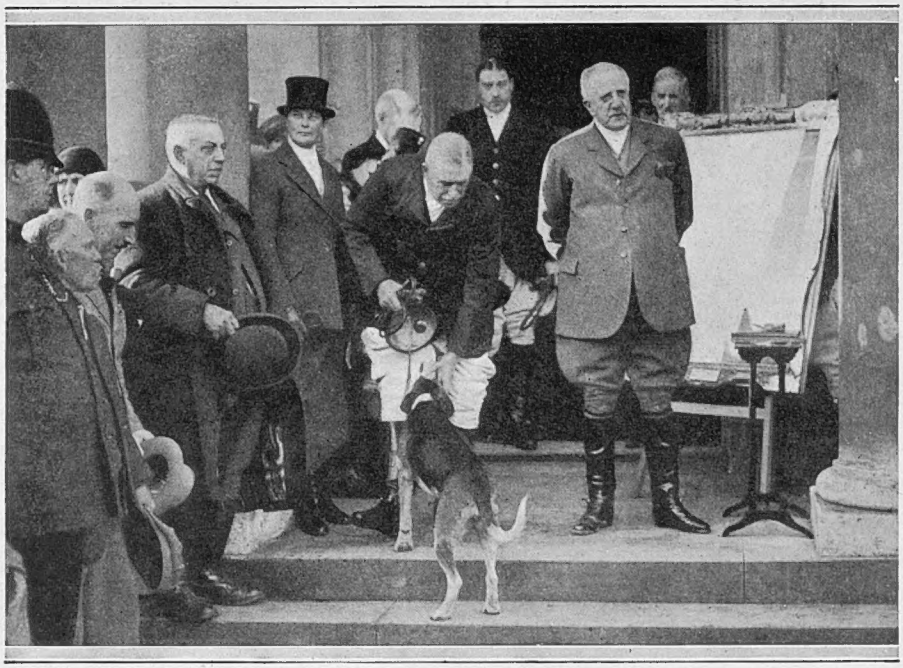
(Continued on page 264)

Exclusive BYSTANDER *Photograph* *By Howard Coster*

REMEMBRANCE DAY—1931

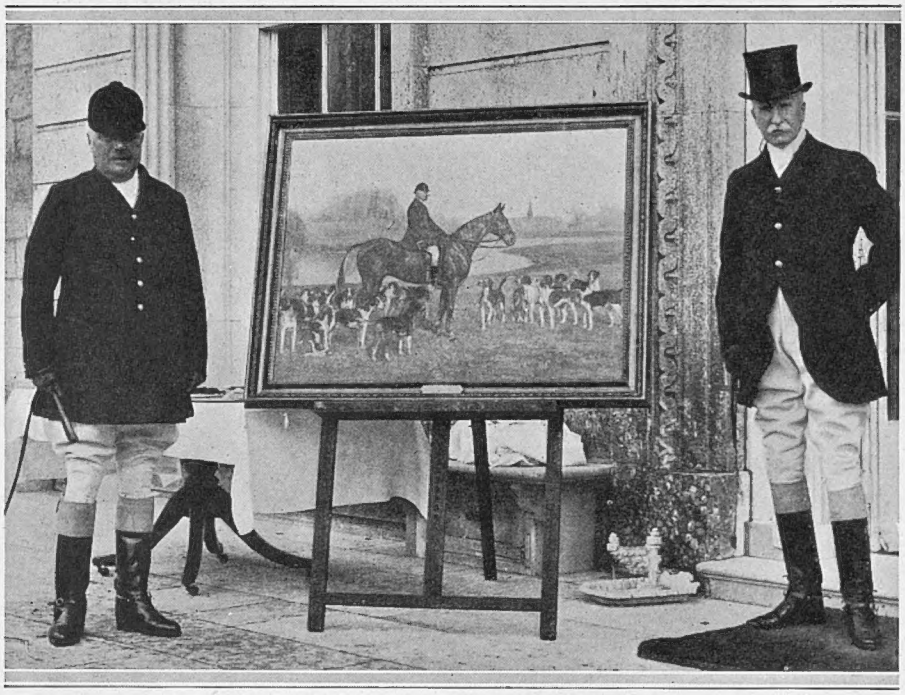
"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning forks"

HUNT PRESENTATIONS TO RETIRING G



Mr. Sturgess addressing members of the Garth, on whose behalf he presented a portrait to the retiring Master, Colonel F. G. Barker, C.B.E., who is seen greeting one of the hounds. The Garth now has as Joint-Masters Major Sir H. R. Cayzer, Bart., and Mr. R. H. R. Palmer

Brigadier-General A. D. Miller, C.B.E., D.S.O., return from the Joint-Mastership of the South Oxfordsh Secretary, who made



Lord Leconfield (left), beside the portrait of himself presented to him after completing thirty-one years as Master of the well-known Sussex hunt bearing his name. On the right is seen Colonel William Kenyon Mitford, who made the presentation

(Continued from page 262)

Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore. The list includes such names as Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, Miss Molly Le Bas, Miss Enid Lawson-Johnston, and Miss Peggy Russell.

ALTHOUGH a number of Midland packs postponed their opening fixtures owing to the hard state of the ground, the Quorn Hounds kept up their time-honoured custom of meeting at Kirby Gate to inaugurate the season. From the point of view of the foot-people and motorists, of which, as usual, there was a small army, the conditions were perfect, but never (writes our hunting correspondent) have I seen so few riders at the historical meet itself. In fact the latter, including the Joint-Masters, Major A. E. Burnaby and Sir Harold Nutting, their wives, and Major W. P. Cantrell, the Field Master, did not number more than a score. The beautiful bitch pack, in charge of George Barker and his two new whippers-in (A. Clewitt, from the Bramham Moor, and Harry Scott, from the Cottesmore), were "taken" by a number of moving-picture cameras as they moved off to draw Gartree Hill Covert. One also noticed Lady Hanson and her famous sheepdog, busily engaged in the good work of collecting for the Royal Veterinary College, which, by the way, is sadly in need of funds.

BY the time hounds arrived at Gartree Hill the field had increased greatly, the main body of the mounted contingent having assembled on the high ground overlooking the famous covert. Amongst other well-known hunting men and women with hounds

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Newmarket will make a bold bid to lift the Liverpool Autumn Cup. HILL CAT ran well in the Cambridgeshire and I shall expect him to figure in the first three.

I select YELLOWSTONE to win the Rous Memorial Nursery for Stanley House.

Another form horse I fancy for Liverpool is SASKATOON. She ran Norman Abbess to a head at Warwick.

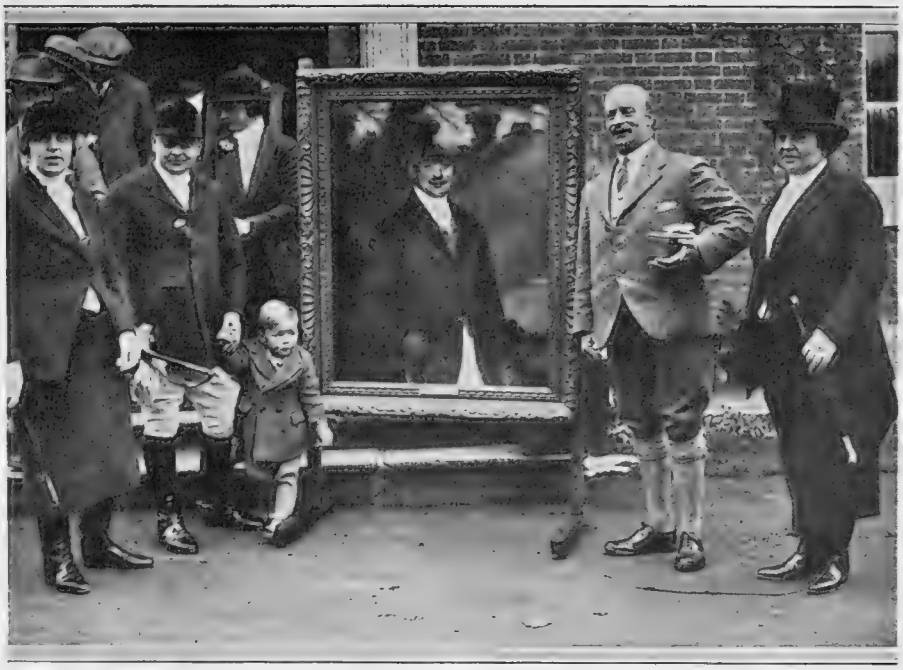
RED QUEEN, placed in her last seven races, has a light weight in the Croxteth Plate and should not be missed.

NITAKRIT has been striding out freely in recent gallops and if started for the Lancashire Handicap should be backed with confidence

SILVER CASTOR is a vastly improved stayer. Carried good money at Birmingham; very unlucky. Was crowded on to at the distance and was put completely out of his stride.

MASTERS AND SECRETARIES

thanks for the presentation made to him on his retirement Major-General Sir Robert Fanshawe, K.C.B., D.S.O., the presentation, is seen on the right



When the Craven held their opening meet at Baydon Manor, near Hungerford, the retiring Secretary, Lieut-Col. C. G. Walmesley, D.S.O., was presented with an oil painting of himself. He is seen above, in mufti, with the Joint-Masters, Mrs. Woolland, Mr. W. Woolland and Mrs. R. Lomax

Mr. Robert Fearnley-Whittingstall and Miss Doris Thomas, the daughter of the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P., and Mrs. Thomas, leaving the church after their wedding last week. They were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields Trafalgar Square

Tunbridge

MISS ELIZABETH ELCOCK

The younger daughter of Mr. Charles E. Elcock, F.R.I.B.A., and of Mrs. Elcock, of Regent's Court, N.W. Her engagement to Mr. George Stanhope Pitt, Jun., was recently announced

were the Countess of Harrington, M.F.H., the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall. Lady Pearson, Lady Warrender, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Pearson, Col. F. G. D. Colman, M.F.H., Lord Northland, Sir Gerald and Mr. R. Hanson, Col. and Mrs. Burns-Hartopp, Miss Marjory Leigh (this popular young hostess is, I understand, soon to start on a round-the-world cruise, so will be missing from the hunting field), the Hon. Paul Knox, Sir Raymond Greene, Miss Diana Fellowes, Col. R. Hoare, Col. Phynne and the Misses Phynne, Major Rowland Spencer, Mrs. Gerard Leigh, Mr. Abel Smith, Major Viccars, and Capt. Guy Knight.

IN a changing London Mayfair, although it remains Mayfair, does not stand still. Claridge's, for instance, is never allowed to get out of date, and now it has been greatly enlarged by the addition of a new block of buildings which covers the whole of the area between the original hotel and the Guards' Club. The ground floor is occupied by the new ball room and banqueting room suite and its necessary services. The ball room is a finely proportioned room; its general scheme of decoration in silver and green is fresh and modern, which, with its mirrored walls and concealed lighting, has a very dignified air. It is enlivened by panels painted by Mr. George Sheringham. The formal opening will be on the night of the Porcelain Ball on November 24.

Sir Adrian Baillie, Bart, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Wilson-Filmer, photographed after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton, last week. The bride is the eldest daughter of Lord Queenborough

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-two-three . . . hello, hello, Baa . . . darling! . . . Do you know I believe that Freda Dudley Ward is the only one of the really smart lovelies to possess a gold wedding ring . . . most of us, like Phyllis Allen, have one set with diamonds of the usual platinum. Now I think about it . . . I believe Molly Pudukota . . . quite the fairest Ranee in the world . . . in all senses of the word . . . wears a gold one, too . . . but, believe me, they are almost extinct. . . .

* * *

BLONDES are out . . . old-fashioned . . . passée; midnight brunettes . . . are the very last word. . . . Monica Sheriffe is a natural prize-winner . . . her hair is really like the raven's wing. . . . I often see her racing with Lord Carnarvon . . . but she looks her very best on a horse. . . . Sarah Haddington is another lovely brunette, and, of course, we mustn't forget her sister-in-law, Wanda Baillie-Hamilton.

* * *

I DON'T dare to wear my sandals . . . I have gold and red ones, Baa . . . in a crowded room, but Margaret Whigham sports hers every way . . . I'm terrified for her little toes. . . . Dolly Cambridge . . . the young and popular Marchioness . . . has a variation which is most amusing . . . scraps have been cut out all over her black shoes, and you just get peeps of pink flesh . . . or is it flesh-pink stocking? . . . I am never sure which.

HUGH SMILEY'S party was great fun . . . such good drinks and all the loveliest ever . . . what could be better? . . . Do you know Sir Hugh, Baa? He is here . . . there . . . and everywhere in London . . . very fair and English-looking. . . .

Another photograph taken at the wedding between Sir Adrian Baillie and the Hon. Mrs. Wilson-Filmer. Lord Queenborough, the bride's father, is seen after the ceremony with his grandchildren, Pauline and Susan Winn

* * *

OUR one and only Edwina . . . Lady Louis Mountbatten . . . has left for Malta . . . she will be missed . . . she is amazingly kind and sweet . . . even to the most impossible people and the dullest charities . . . her two children, Patricia and Pamela, have gone with her, of course. . . .

* * *

I THINK that Lady Margaret Vane-Tempest-Stewart . . . to give her all her correct name . . . is very attractive . . . she has one of those compelling faces, if you know what I mean . . . you understand, Baa, the sort of face you want to go on looking at . . . vivacious . . . clever . . . and rather lovely. . . . Margaret is tiny, with red hair and a perfect skin. . . .

* * *

HAVE you heard about the row in a famous club between two very well-known men . . . over a most attractive but very elusive mannequin? . . . The same club is betting heavily as to whether a certain peer among its members will succeed in marrying a beautiful and chic ex-débutante. . . .

* * *

BRIGHT cornflower-blue trimmed with black is the smart winter combination. Dorothé Plunket has a coat of it with a touch of sealskin and silver ring buttons . . . like a Guardsman's coat . . . double-breasted, with epaulettes on the shoulders . . . and Freda Dudley Ward has a blue velvet evening dress which suits her exceedingly well . . . she looks amazingly young to have two almost grown-up daughters. . . .

* * *

EVERYONE enjoyed Olive Wilson-Filmer's wedding to Adrian Baillie . . . there was an air of happy informality and genuine happiness . . . and the bridegroom looked radiant . . . although that is generally the Press perquisite of the bride. . . . Olive had some marvellous presents. . . .

* * *

HOW Tallulah changes . . . I remember when she first came to England . . . fat . . . gay . . . rather curly . . . and the life and soul of every party . . . then she became a super-vamp . . . a bad . . . bad . . . woman . . . husky voice, sinuous and seductive . . . then she was thin . . . pale. . . . tragic . . . John painted her like that . . . and now? . . . *girlish* as only film stars can be. . . . I must say the second stage was much the most exciting. . . . One started a conversation with "Have you heard Tallulah's latest?" . . .

* * *

TALKING of films, I hear all London's lovelies have been given tests and a very few . . . among them Margaret Whigham and the entrancing Mary Booker, contracts . . . but will they stay the course? . . . It is hard work, Baa, dear. . . . I must ring off, Baa. I'm just off to see Mythe Leigh's new house in Upper Brook Street, which I believe is a dream. . . . Bless you! . . .

Specially taken for THE BYSTANDER *BY HOWARD COSTER*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR HENRY PAGE CROFT, C.M.G., M.P.

Who has represented Bournemouth, where he is extremely popular, since 1918, is one of the most forceful characters in the House of Commons and a staunch protagonist of tariffs, being the leader of the very large body of Conservative members who demanded that these be included in the King's Speech. The "Evening Standard" said recently that: "The influence of Sir Henry Page Croft is a very big factor in the new Parliament. . . He will probably emerge from the crisis the biggest figure in British politics with the exception of the Conservative Chancellor who has the privilege of introducing tariffs"

AT THE PLAY

A Less Fruity Nell Gwynn

Rosen (J. H. Roberts), left, a decayed actor, who constantly calls on Mrs. Dengler (Dora Gregory) and Ernest Dengler (Aubrey Mather) in order to fill himself up with Martini without any expense to himself

IT was just chance that my absence from London synchronised with one of the dullest theatrical fortnights which any October has experienced. All sorts of productions were postponed by the advent of the General Election, and I suffer no vain regrets from being away—my vote was not wanted!—except for the fact that I missed Noel Coward's first-night at Drury Lane, which, at long last, justifies its title of "The National Theatre," where *Cavalcade* is doing enormous business and is booked up well into January.

WAS it luck or judgment, I wonder, which decided that this play, which is patriotic without being blatant, should synchronise with an appeal to the country which was answered by—patriots? Noel Coward is still a young man, but if there are any theatrical knighthoods on the stocks, I see no reason why one who is not necessarily in the sere and yellow leaf, and who, in his own person, represents actor, author, musician and producer, should not receive the honour.

"Lady-in-Waiting," at the St. Martin's

THIS play has for its principal character a girl of undistinguished parentage, who, having been observed entering the palace of the king of a state unspecified, is at once thought to be the king's mistress. As it happened the car was a new one being delivered to the palace, and the girl, who is a shorthand - typist in a bank, though having a joy-ride, was not a daughter of joy.

EVEN in the smallest of capitals in the tiniest of states I find it hard to believe that gossip could have associated this girl's name with that of the king on such slender foundations. But I am always willing to play "Let's pretend" if the ensuing results are amusing, but I did not find them so. As the play proceeded, improbability followed improbability so quickly that interest waned.

GRANTED that this girl was set on a pinnacle as the king's mistress, and that, in consequence, her influence in royal quarters was sought by the bestowal of presents upon her directly the rumour started. What I decline

Mirko (E. Vivian Reynolds), centre, a suitor for the hand of Lili, the Denglers' daughter, informing the family that it would be lesé majesté to press his suit owing to the fact that Lili is now the lady-friend of the King. Surprise is registered on the faces of Karel Dengler (André Van Gyseghem), left, Ernest Dengler (Aubrey Mather), right, while Madame Dengler (Dora Gregory) is completely overcome by the news

NEAR DRURY LANE By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "LADY-IN-WAITING," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

Lili Dengler (Leonora Corbett), centre, now an actress of not many parts, refuses to do her homework, which consists of being coached by Rosen (J. H. Roberts), right. In the background is Lili's lover, Conrad Kanitz (Cecil Parker), who is seen somewhat upset at the lady's tantrums

to believe is that the girl, having agreed to the deception, could get away with it for twelve months, during which time she never sees the king but at a distance. I also am dubious of the psychology which makes the girl turn down a lover for the reason that in accepting him she would be unfaithful to the royal personage whom she now worships from afar.

IT is only towards the end of the play, when the king for the first time arrives on the scene and meets the girl whose name is associated with his own, that I began really to sit up and take notice. So far, there had been too much padding to eke out an 8.30 till 11 show, but this interview between the two, which leads the king to suggest, and the girl to acquiesce in, the idea that mere idle gossip shall have some substratum in fact, made me realise that *Lady-in-Waiting* had some good points about it.

IT is possible that in the original version this play by Attilo Orbok was written with sufficient wit to make it palatable, but Harry Graham and Jacques Natanson, who are responsible for the English adaptation, do not exactly scintillate. The lines are on a dull level, and only on rare occasions have they contrived inevitable laughs.

Lili Dengler (Leonora Corbett), seen on the left, was never the King's mistress, but when His Majesty (Robert Donat) met her for the first time he very kindly suggested that the gossip which had coupled their names should have foundation in fact. On the right is Blaskovics (Spencer Trevor), the Prime Minister, at whose house they first met

THIS play brings to the West End a new leading lady in Leonora Corbett, who possesses good looks and intelligence. Her performance of the girl was a good one, but I should like to see her in a less artificial part before deciding whether in her we have another young actress who will rise to the front rank of players as a comedienne.

IN a very long cast for so slight a play Dora Gregory and Aubrey Mather have character parts as the girl's parents, and both are good, while a neat sketch of a ne'er-do-well son is given by André Van Gyseghem. J. H. Roberts is an out-of-date actor who might have stepped from *Trelawney of the Wells*. Spencer Trevor is authoritative as a Prime Minister, and Robert Donat, in the small part of the king, does not let down the best scene in the play.

WEST Street, in which the St. Martin's Theatre is situated, is becoming quite regal with a king on view here and another next door, at the Ambassadors, where *The Queen's Husband* is being performed, but though both plays deal with royalty there the resemblance ends. Comparisons being odious, I think I will leave it at that. V. W.

NEW LETTERS OF BERNARD SHAW

(Hitherto Unpublished and Unwritten)

The letters of Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry are about to be published, and the entire world is in turmoil accordingly. But by chance other letters of Mr. Shaw, hitherto unseen, unread, have come into our hands. They were found by Mr. Richard Viner, Curator-in-Ordinary to the Brighton Aquarium, who once saw Mr. Shaw there, in a hurry, tucked away in an old nineteenth-century—or may be nineteen and a half—bicycle saddle-bag. On the bag were the initials G. B. S., as well as other marks of violence. This historic, portentous (this word will be spelt "portentus" in the American edition)—letters, of which the following are extracts—is for sale. The originals, neatly typed, with only a few grammatical corrections—made on behalf of Mr. Viner by the New Oxford Dictionary—may be seen any time, or come in to tea (crumpets) one day. Price 6d., crumpets inclusive.

Dear Miss Terry,

I thought your performance in "The Hound of the Baskervilles"[1] just one great bark. I am writing a play about St. Joan, and think of you as the Maid. I should so much like to take you on the river one day; also it might give you ideas for playing Ophelia.

Yours, etc.,
G. BERNARD SHAW.

[1] Conan Doyle was M.F.H. of the pack at this time.

Dear Mr. Shaw,

That would be delightful. Where and what time?

Yours sincerely,
ELLEN TERRY.

Dear Miss Terry,

I'll call for you about 10 on Sunday, so we can get to Maidenhead by lunch. I'll bring sandwiches; no doubt we can find watercress down there

Yours,
G. B. S.

Dear Mr. Shaw,

However did it happen? One moment we were drifting blissfully down the river, and the next—where were you? I could only think that you had dived overboard to look for the watercress. Luckily Harry[1] and some friends came up and took me off in their boat. I must say I was worried when I heard you had disappeared over the weir, but my friends said you were fabian as a swimmer, so I thought all would be well. I hope you didn't get very wet. We had an awfully nice lunch at Skindle's. Did you find any watercress?

Yours sincerely,
ELLEN TERRY.

[1] Harry Tate? Harry Irving? Half and half, maybe.

Dear Mrs. Langtry,

It was awfully nice seeing you again at Max's[1] party. I should so much like to go riding with you some time. I am thinking of writing a play about St. Joan. How would you like to act the Maid?

Yours, etc.,
G. BERNARD SHAW.

[1] Beerbohm? Trombone? Take it or leave it.

Dear Mr. Shaw,

Thanks. I'm thrilled about the play. You must let me read it.

Yours,
LILY LANGTRY.

Dear Mrs. Langtry,

I'll be at your house with the bicycle at 11, Sunday. It's tandem, so we ought to make Hampton Court by lunch. I'll bring sandwiches.

Yours,
G. B. S.

Dear Mr. Shaw,

What a catastrophe! To get to Kew Bridge in record time—I never did better, not even with Teddy[1]—and then the puncture. Of course, I wanted to stay with you and mend it, but when Oscar[2] drove up I thought he looked so sad, poor sweet, I really couldn't refuse to go and lunch with him. And, you know, sandwiches really don't agree with me. I do hope you got home all right. You must have solid tyres next time.

Yours, LILY LANGTRY.

[1] Mr. Gladstone? Sir Edward Clarke? Or both?
[2] Oscar Wilde, or Oscar Asche? Time alone will tell.

Dear Miss Marie Tempest,

How good you were as Nell Gwynn. Did you see what I wrote of it in the *Saturday?* I am contemplating a play about St. Joan. How would you like to play the Maid? Let us have lunch one day.

Yours, G. BERNARD SHAW.

Dear Mr. Shaw,

I should be delighted. Tuesday, I think. Cosmo[1] has a cold, but sends his love.

Yours, MARIE TEMPEST.

[1] Cosmo Gordon-Lennox or, Cosmo Gordon Lang, Canterbury, Archbishop of? All enquiries should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Dear Miss Tempest,

Excellent. Tuesday at Eustace Miles. One o'clock. Tell Cosmo to eat boiled onions.

Yours, G. B. S.

Dear Mr. Shaw,

I am so sorry I had to leave like that, but, really, I never could eat lentils, except, of course, in Lent when I was a child. Herbert[1] was most kind and took me to the Ritz. We had steak and kidney pie.

Yours, MARIE TEMPEST.

[1] Herbert Asquith? Yes and no but always partial to his pie. See Hansard, Vol. CXL, pg. 42, col. 1.

Dear Miss Marie Lloyd,

I enjoyed your performance at the Empire so much last night. Is is refreshing to find England still has great actresses. I am thinking of writing a play about St. Joan. Would you like to play the Maid? How about a little supper after the theatre one night?

Yours, G. BERNARD SHAW.

Dear Mr. Shaw,

It is very kind of you, I'm sure, but I never go out with strange men after dark. Only matinées.

Yours truly, MARIE LLOYD.

Dear Mrs. Patrick Campbell,

I haven't seen you since you played in my *Pygmalion*. Let us have lunch one day. I am contemplating writing a play about St. Joan? Don't you think the part of the Maid might appeal to you?

Yours, G. B. S.

Dear G. B. S.,

Not b——y likely.[1]

[1] A line, obviously, from one of Mr. Shaw's works.

BY BEAUVAIS

EDGAR WALLACE

I fancy the Election Stakes
Was one of Edgar's few mistakes.
He played a very minor part
And rode a loser from the start.
For cruel facts can't be denied,
They took poor Edgar for a ride.
So now he realises what
It feels like to be "on the spot."
And this may teach him not to mix
With Welshmen or with politics.
But profitably fill his days
Writing exciting books and plays.

ENVOI

Folk wha hae their Wallace read
Will agree with what I've said.

B.

BY STARR WOOD

" I hear you said I look like a walrus ! "
" Yes, Colonel. B-but I think the walrus is the most interesting and amusing of all God's creatures, don't you ? "

if Gossip we must

Dates are the fruits of the labour of the representatives of forty-one nations, seen at the recent Calendar Conference at Geneva, when they unanimously recommended that Easter should be stabilised at the second Sunday in April and that the League of Nations should continue its educational work for world calendar reform

Mabel Robey

VIOLA TREE

Who gives a really clever character study in that very successful comedy with songs, "For the Love of Mike," at the new Saville Theatre. Her husband, Mr. Alan Parsons, is the dramatic critic of the "Daily Mail"

OUR own nation having put itself right again, let us turn our attention to the doings of that quaint assemblage, the League of Nations. They are busy, bless 'em, at Geneva, tinkering about with the calendar. No, they are not rewriting Mr. Edgar Wallace's play of that name, which, although abundantly successful, was not wholly free from faults. They have decided that, if God's in His Heaven, all is not right with the almanack.

NOW calendars, almanacks, and the rest are useful, even indispensable commodities. They come in very handy as a less expensive form of wedding present, and they bring grist to the mill of such worthy folk as Messrs. Letts and Raphael Tuck. But I really should have thought there were more important things to be done by representatives of forty-one nations gathered together at that dull spot, Geneva. What, I venture to ask, is so dreadfully wrong with the calendar that there should be all this pother about reforming it? The world is full of woes and troubles; but our present system of date-arrangement has worked satisfactorily enough for years, and the only nation rather out of it has been Russia. But, there, Russia cares nothing nowadays about Christian festivals, and would view with perfect equaminity Good Friday falling on Christmas Day. Her own idea of reforming the calendar is to start a five-day week.

BY AUBREY HAMMOND

PUNISHMENTS FOR POLITICIANS

To be forced to listen to his own voice and to watch his own face till death or dementia intervenes

HOWEVER, all the delegates, including Mr. Woo, who represents China, have enthusiastically recommended that Easter should be stabilised and occur every year on the second Sunday in April. I do not imagine that Mr. Woo would care a couple of yen if Easter fell on the first of April; but when the League of Nations does agree, its unanimity is wonderful. It is a perfect example of the art of doing nothing in particular, and doing it very well. When it has something particular to do, it makes a mess of it.

THERE are some ex-Labour ministers who have not taken their defeat well. Mr. Arthur

The Metropolitan Police Minstrels are busy rehearsing for their winter season, when they will give a large number of concerts in different parts of London in aid of the Metropolitan Police Orphanage. On the right Sergeant Watts is seen with those ravishing beauties, the "Victoria Girls," who do not hesitate to show the limb of the law, and below two dainty little creatures, who are specialists in "blues," are enjoying a quiet smoke after rehearsing. The Police Minstrels always put on a show which is of real excellence and full of talent

Greenwood, for instance. Mr. Greenwood, before vanishing into the obscurity from which it is so surprising that he should ever have emerged, delivered himself of the remark that, "When Labour comes back, the Tories will pay for this." That, then, is the object of the party system—that a beaten party shall devote itself to revenge and, when it returns to power, be occupied not with governing the country, but with seeking how it shall "pay out" its victorious opponents!

A STRANGE mentality. Cannot even Mr. Greenwood see that, even if revenge were either desirable or feasible, the people to be "paid out" would be those who voted for the National Government; millions of these were not Tories at all, but the very People, with a huge P, whom he and his erstwhile colleagues imagined to be their exclusive charge.

BUT that has been Socialism's attitude all along—an attitude of peculiar smugness. The claim

Sasha

Leonora Perrycoste (Edna Best) suffers her ardent English swain, Peter Walmsley (Cyril Raymond), to place a chaste salute on her cheek without being absolutely overcome with emotion in an amusing scene from "There's Always Juliet." This comedy is playing to big houses at the Apollo Theatre

KEEPING "BELOW-STAIRS" SWEET

On the right are seen three photographs taken at the Servants' Ball recently held in the Georgian Room at Harrods. The left-hand photograph shows Jack Buchanan presenting the prizes for the best fancy dresses, in the centre Lord de Clifford and Lady Grant are enjoying a supper-time joke, and on the right Sir Hamilton Grant is seen deep in converse with Mrs. A. G. McCorquodale

King Eric VIII (Barry Jones) forgets the cares of State in a game of draughts with one of his footmen, whilst his daughter, Princess Anne (Barbara Wilson), provides the audience of one, in an amusing scene from "The Queen's Husband." This comedy of very high life by Robert Ernest Sherwood is proving very popular at the Ambassadors Theatre

is that when Socialism is victorious, the fight is clean and the voting based on honest conviction; when anti-Socialism wins there has been deception and trickery.

EVEN Mr. Clynes, a decent little body, but rather ruffled at present, tells us that "the workers will avenge themselves for the manner in which they have been deceived." And the Laski person says that "deserted by the unemployed they (the Labour Opposition) have to protect the unemployed."

Which brings to my mind the picture of a frantic hen at the side of a pond watching the first swim of the ducklings she has reared.

THE news from India grows worse and worse. If the National Government does not take a firm stand here, act sternly, and at once, it will have no claim to call itself either national or a government. Of all the daily papers only one gave the prominence the gravity of the occurrence deserved to the murder at Peshawur of Lieut. T. M. Synge. Yet since Mr. Gandhi launched his civil disobedience campaign in 1930 eight British officers and officials have been slaughtered in India, also Mrs. Curtis, the wife of a British officer. Two of these outrages have been committed since the "Great Soul" arrived in England on September 12.

Meanwhile, he continues to receive due publicity for his fruit lunches and for his posing for photographs with Charlie Chaplin; the cotton girls of Lancashire (whose industry would be gone if Gandhi had his way) have cheered him, and Clare Sheridan has

KEEP IT CLEAN!

"Virtuous New York," says the "Sunday Dispatch," "has decided that the love affairs of bees are a menace to public morality, and the Educational Department consequently has banned scenes dealing with the amours of the insect kingdom from the film, "The Mystery of Life," which has already been seen by more than 150,000 Londoners."

WE do not object to the "show-girl,"
Who shows a remarkable lot,
We dote on the fast Clara Bow-girl,
Whose actions appear somewhat hot;
A film that is chockful of vamping
Will always be certain to please,
But, mein Gott, we will NOT
Stand for any coarse rot,
Like the lewd Love-affairs of the Bees!

We do not object to the gangster,
Who rifles his old mother's till,
Not even the tiniest pangs stir
Our souls as a crook shoots to kill;
Abductions and maimings and murders
Our onscience can stomach with ease,
But a show that is low
In New York is no go
Like the lewd Love-affairs of the Bees!

We do not object to seductions
(Provided the handling's discreet),
Triangular marital ructions
With kindly approval we greet;
Yes, the Land of the Free is broadminded
Enough to appreciate these,
But we ban to a man
Films which sheer evil plan
Like the lewd Love-affairs of the Bees!

B. W.

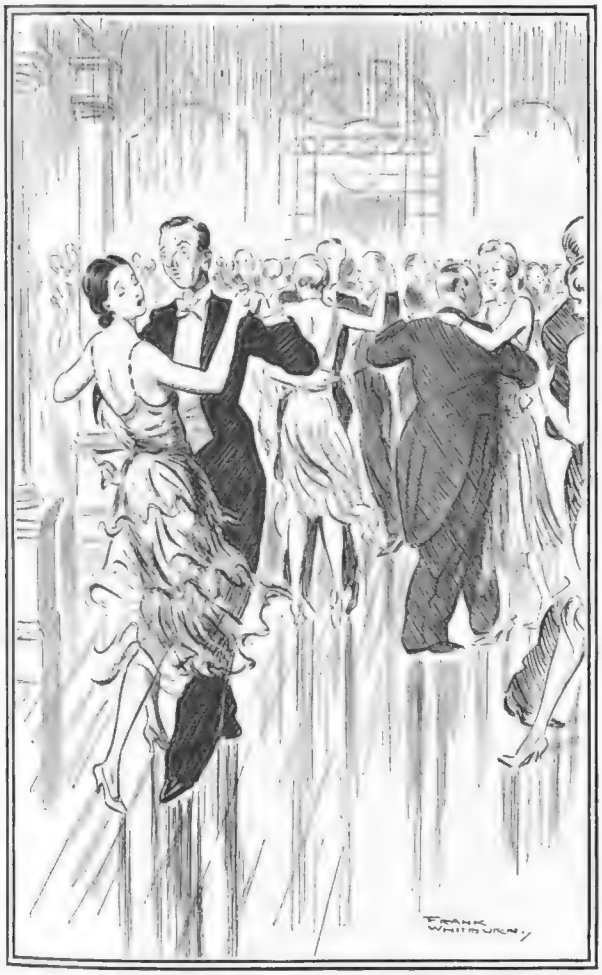
Photos by Sasha

done his bust, and, of course, has been duly photographed and interviewed on that achievement. Lord, what fools we (British) mortals be!

BUT the time has come to cease this fooling. There is no doubt that the turbulent elements in India, who have Gandhi as their leader for all his specious boasts about "civility," are playing the rôle of Chicago gunmen. They are utterly unscrupulous and utterly merciless. They are putting "on the spot" anybody who stands up to them and anybody who represents a system they detest and are out to end. Force can only here be met by force. If martial law is not immediately established in India inconceivable chaos and disaster will ensue. There is no disguising the fact that the Round Table Congress has failed. India is not ripe for constitutional democratic government as we understand it in Europe—probably she never will be ripe for it. To attempt to give it to her now would be to consign to ruin the loyal minorities, to lose the friendship of the Indian Princes, and to make things fifty times worse than they are at present.

IF soft-headed cranks and silly sentimentalists at home see injustice in strong British rule in India they are ignorant of the whole position. There is nothing democratic about Gandhi. He is in favour of Hindu supremacy and nothing else.

We have a Government with the potential strength that a vast majority confers. Cannot they see to it that Gandhi, and Gandhi-ism, must go?



BY FRANK WHITBURN

Indifferent Dancer: "It's awfully kind of you to dance with me."

Long-suffering Partner: "Not at all. After all, this *is* a Charity Ball!"

Dorothy Wilding

Irene Browne, as she appears as Margaret Harris in the last act of Noel Coward's outstanding success, "Cavalcade," at Drury Lane. She gives a wonderful study of a girl who refuses to grow old with the years, and as we last see her in middle age she is fuller of chic and smartness than ever

"CARNIVAL": A BRITISH TALKIE TRIUMPH

Above is seen one of the charming settings for the new Gaumont-British talkie version of "Carnival," produced by Herbert Wilcox with Matheson Lang in the leading rôle. This film, which is now running at the Tivoli, has been hailed as one of the best British talkies ever made

At the stage door: Silvio (Matheson Lang) is too deep in his correspondence to notice that his wife, Simonetta (Dorothy Bouchier), regards her husband's friend, Count Andrea (Joseph Schildkraut), as a person who counts quite a lot in her young life

Right: Silvio (Matheson Lang) in his dressing-room after he has collapsed on the stage whilst playing Othello. Bending over him is Simonetta (Dorothy Bouchier), who provides the requisite happy ending to the film by assuring the temperamental Silvio, as soon as he recovers from his swoon, that she has loved him all along and, what is more, will continue to do so

MORE "HOME-GROWN" FILM PRODUCTS

The new Gaumont British talkie, "Down River," is notable for its number of remarkably fine camera studies of riverside scenes. Above is seen a typical view of the Thames at London, where much of the story was filmed

Kenneth Kove (left), Jane Baxter and Hartley Power in a scene from "Down River," the new British talkie in which Charles Laughton plays the leading part of one of those impressive super-crooks. They are seen at a fashionable river night club designed to resemble a yacht

A scene from the first serial talkie, "Lloyd of the C.I.D.," now being made for Universal by Mutual Pictures. The characters are from left to right: Sargeant Watkins (Shayle Gardiner), Chief Inspector Lloyd (Jack Lloyd), Randall Hale's niece (Janice Adair, and Randall Hale (Lewis Dayton)

WINTER RESORTS OF TO-MORROW

Below: A ski-jumper silhouetted against the winter sky at the top of his leap, which he takes at a speed of approximately seventy miles per hour. The photograph was taken on the Seigniority Club "hill" at the popular Canadian winter sports centre, Lucerne-in-Quebec

Above is seen the vast toboggan slide which extends out over the Ottawa river at Canada's new Winter Sports centre, Lucerne-in-Quebec. Many visitors are flocking to enjoy the sport which is to be found here in great variety. Below is the new Hotel Mont Mournier at Beuil, which is opening for Christmas. It stands 5,500ft. above sea level. It is only seventy-five kilometres from Nice

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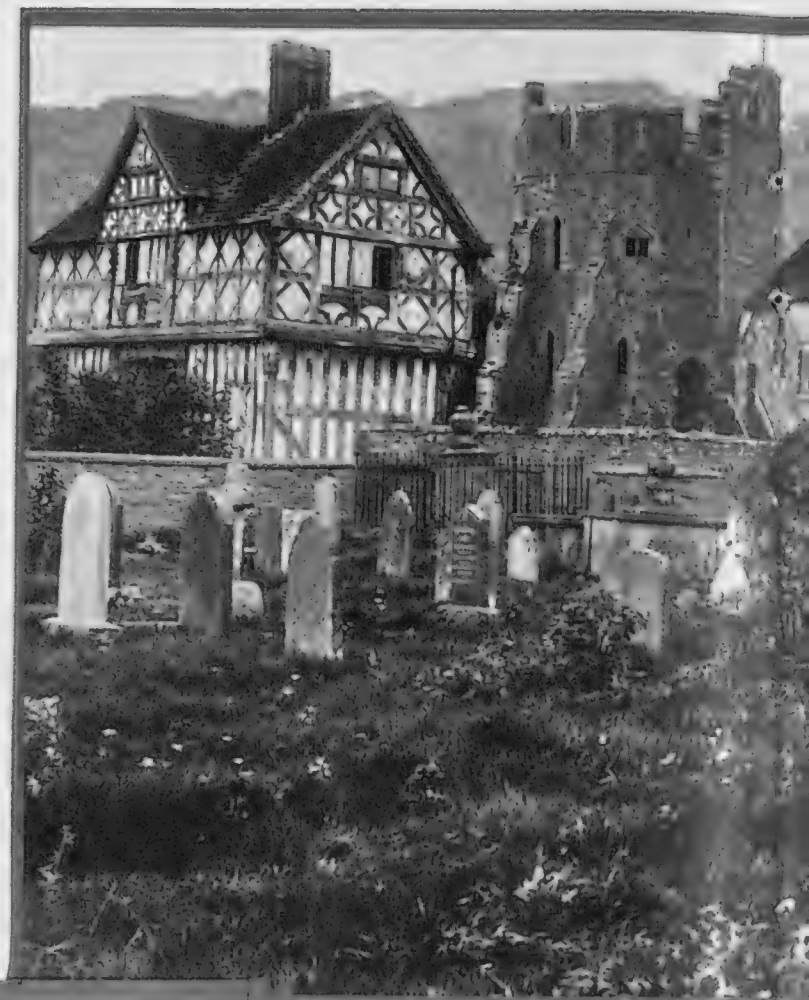
AN AMERICAN STAR for the PEERAGE

MISS ADELE ASTAIRE

The clever young American actress whose engagement to Lord Charles Cavendish, the younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, has been announced. She and her brother Fred are as popular on the English stage as they are on that of their own country

England's Oldest Fortified Man

The South Tower, which was at one time connected with the adjoining buildings by only a small drawbridge on the second floor, and the Solar staircase. The latter leads to the Solar room, the most lavishly decorated in the castle



A PICTURESQUE CORNER

A general view of the wonderful old fortified mano Gatehouse and the main buildings. Antiquarians a type to be fou

Stokesay Castle, in Shropshire, is one of the most beautiful and historically interesting relics of a bygone day. It is the oldest existing fortified manor house in England, being more than seven hundred years old. Stokesay, which means "the Stockade of the Says," derives its name from one of the early occupants of the castle, the family of de Says, who came from Normandy and fought in the Battle of Hastings

A close-up of the massive seventeenth-century doorway of the Banqueting Hall. It is built of planks vertical on the outside and horizontal on the inside, fastened together with hundreds of square-headed nails clinched on the inside

The frontal view of the Elizabethan Gatehouse of Stoke a loop-holed oak door, a close-up study of which

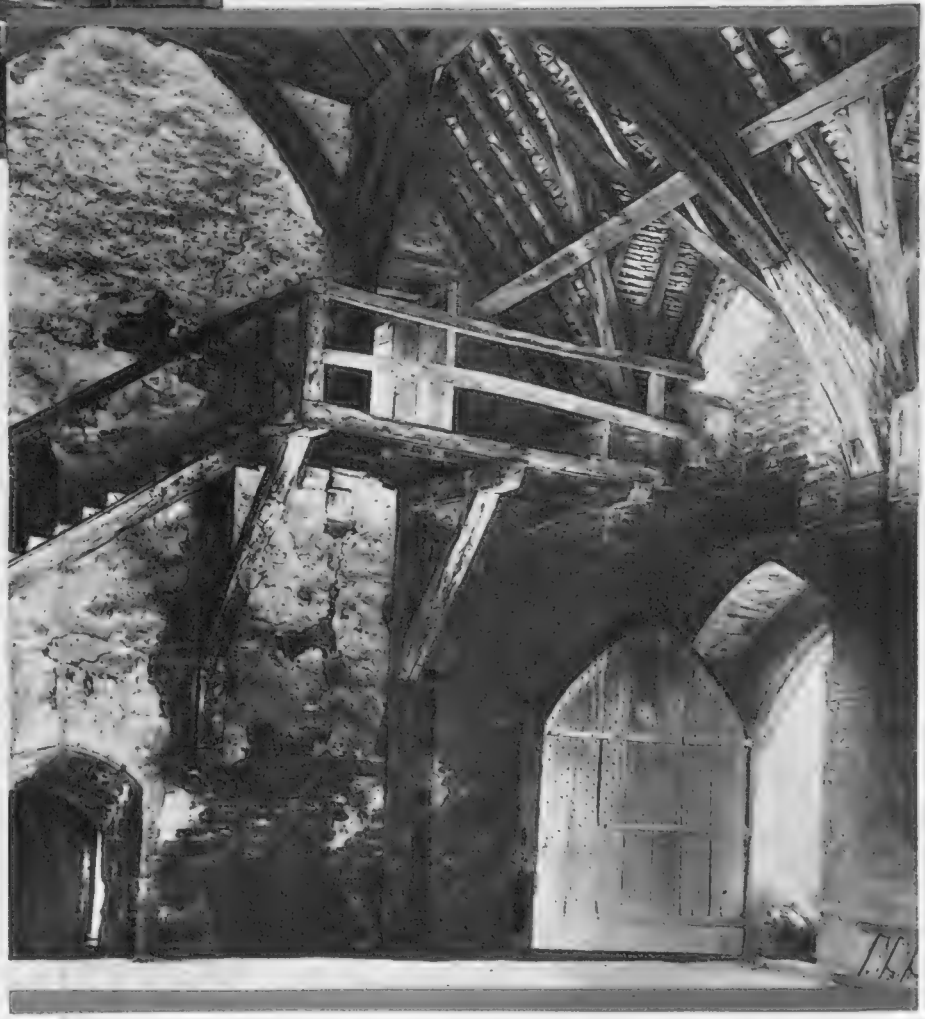
ıor—Stokesay Castle, Shropshire

ER OF A BYGONE ENGLAND

anor house, Stokesay Castle, in Shropshire, showing the ns are generally agreed that the castle is the oldest of its found in England

Stokesay Castle as seen from the courtyard. It has which appears in the top right-hand photograph

A detailed view of the carving on the Gatehouse. On either side are the figures of Adam and Eve, and in the centre of the arch are Adam and Eve and the Serpent. On the left is the Tree of Life, and on the right the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil



The interior of the Banqueting Hall, with its wonderful roof. There is an old-fashioned fireplace in the centre of the room, but no chimney, the beams above being blackened with the smoke of centuries. The primitive staircase gives access to the North Tower

TALLULAH IN SENTIMENTAL VEIN

Tallulah Bankhead as she appears in the new Paramount talkie, "My Sin," which recently opened at the Carlton Theatre. Her "fans" will be surprised to see this Vamp of Vamps in a distinctly sentimental rôle

BY JUAN DE SIERRA

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Class re-union

by

MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

Illustrated by

A. R. THOMPSON

THEY were elderly. Horribly elderly, dingily elderly, comfortably and uncomplainingly elderly. It gave Rhoda Delaine a little shock as she came through the swinging glass doors and caught sight of their dreadful hats, of their curious faces turned towards her. One of them wore a feather boa. She flashed a suspicious glance at her own face in a wall mirror. Am I as old as that? I can't be so horribly old, dingily old, comfortably and uncomplainingly old! Every shop window in Bond Street had reassured her as she walked slowly along in the sunshine. The new corsetière had certainly been a success—she looked appraisingly at the slim, taut reflection of her waist and hips—and that particular shade of rouge was flattering. What hats one wore to-day! It made her want to laugh when she remembered the great cartwheel things that they had worn in her youth, but these ridiculous scraps were jaunty, there was no denying it, in a way that the cartwheels had never been. In the old days when one wanted to feel jaunty one wore something called a toque and a braided sailor blouse. She had a photograph somewhere . . .

She had purposely walked on the sunny side of the street, feeling the warmth against her furs and through the thin crêpe of her dress. She had always loved warmth, basked in it like a cat. Delicious day! She loitered, although she knew that "the girls" would be waiting for her. The shops were full of pretty, useless things that sparkled and flashed colour, and at the corner a man was selling violets and gardenias. Once, in the old extravagant days that belonged to the toque and the sailor blouse, poor young George le Massey had insisted on getting out of their hansom and buying a great market basketful of violets for her. It was strange how well she remembered the violets, yet she could not remember Le Massey's face. . . .

AND then she walked into the teashop with her still beautiful, buoyant tread and found "the girls" waiting for her. Horribly elderly, comfortably and uncomplainingly elderly. She recognised none of them but Alicia Crane, and Alicia, with an excited flush on her high cheekbones, was jumping up to embrace her.

"This *is* nice, Rhoda!" Possessive, but a little flustered too, she led her round the circle of hats and faces. "I wonder if you remember anyone? Bunny? Do you remember Bunny Loring? And Dorothy Wells and Hester Marsden and Lily Hooper?"

She could remember none of their names, none of their faces, but she said easily and graciously that she remembered them all. And all the time she was panic-stricken, she longed to flee. Elderly. Horribly elderly. Dingily and comfortably and uncomplainingly. . . .

Incredible, she thought, as her lips framed smiles—incredible that these faces once meant something to me, that I saw them almost every day for three of the most impressionable years of my life. Yet they are blanks in my memory, just as young George le Massey's face is a blank in my memory. "The girls!" Yes, perhaps they had stayed in her mind that way. Perhaps she would have recognised them in blue serge dresses with their hair down their backs, but not as these elderly women with ageing hands and eyes.

SHE looked at them carefully. "Dingy" was the word that had leapt to her head when she first saw them, but now she did not quite know why, for they all had an air of settled prosperity. Dowdy, expensive clothes; handsome furs; sheen of pearl earrings against nicely waved grey hair. Bunny Loring, pretty and faded, had a Persian lamb coat tossed over the back of her chair in spite of the warmth of the spring day. All comfortably married and prosperous except Alicia Crane, and poor Alicia, thought Rhoda, amused and faintly contemptuous—poor Alicia had the unmistakable air of a woman who sleeps and has always slept alone; the unmistakable air of the poverty-stricken gentlewoman. It was Alicia who wore the feather boa (heavens, when did one last see a feather boa?) and the worst of the dreadful hats. She had told Rhoda when they met accidentally in the street that she was doing clerical work for a children's charity. "Such a fine thing!" she had said with a lighted face. "You must come and see over the home one day, Rhoda," and Rhoda, careless and generous, had promised a cheque. Poor Alicia. . . .

"This is quite like old times!" she said, smiling falsely round. "The thousands of years since we all left Miss Carew's! What have you been doing with yourselves? How is it that we've never met?

She listened, smiling and sipping her tea, but she knew only too well the truth that lurked behind their evasive answers. Life had taken them different ways. Their ways had taken them to marriage and prosperity; Bridge four times a week; sons, daughters; comfortable worries over servants and ailments and straying husbands. Her way had taken her to marriage and uncertainty; rebuffs and victories; glitter, fame, heartbreak; desperate struggles to keep her youth and her amazing beauty.

She knew that they were looking at her curiously, with a hint of envy. The beautiful Rhoda, the famous Mrs. Delaine! If you knew, she wanted to cry to them what a struggle it has always been! She could see that behind their careful faces they were trying to think back to the Rhoda Mitchell who had left school at seventeen to become Rhoda Delaine. Poor Cecil, she thought, he had soon passed out of the picture. His mission in life had been simply to act as the stepping-stone from which she climbed into the Society that she took by storm with her spun gilt hair, her profile, her astonishing deep blue eyes. And after that the notoriety, the amazing idolisation given her by the public in a decade that worshipped beauty! The Delaine blouse, the Delaine shoes named after her, the people who stood on chairs in the Park to see her drive by in her smart

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little victoria! Even Royalty had smiled approvingly upon her; her photograph in a Bond Street photographer's window had been enough to draw a crowd.

Well, they were over now, those days. Most of the men dead, most of the money spent, but the sickening uncertainty was over, too, thank God, and one of those dead men who had loved her. She could bask in the sun as she liked now, go where she pleased. And for a moment she understood the avid curiosity that peered out, sharp and fox-like, from behind the cover of those careful faces. They were curious about her because she was a bad woman, and in their comfortable lives they did not often come in contact with bad women. Yet there was envy in their faces. They stood in the warm circle of their sons and daughters, and envied her the glamour and glitter of those few poor years. . . .

For a moment she wanted to laugh, to tell these old friends that the heartache and the anxiety had far outweighed the glamour and glitter, although there had been good moments in those years, and then she felt suddenly old, tired, listless. Her hand flew defensively to her dyed hair, to her throat where the muscles had begun to sag beyond hope of redemption. Inside those horribly expensive corsets her body felt like a lump of dead flesh, unsupple, stiff, and lifeless.

But years of bitter training made her sit erect and flash that old conquering smile round the circle of faces, watching them melt and soften into fascination. And leaning forward so that her hand lay on Alicia's sharp knee, she said in her beautiful warm voice:

"What a nice idea, this tea! I'm sure it's your idea, Alicia—you used to be so good at organising things in the old days at Miss Carew's."

"Well, I thought it might be nice to have a little reunion. We meet so seldom, although we've always kept in touch. And such luck running into you by accident like that, Rhoda. I hadn't an idea that you were in England even . . ."

"I'm not very often," she said easily. "I'm living abroad now, you know. Yes, I've got a house at Cap d'Antibes—this is only a visit."

She saw the isolated thoughts exploding in their minds like fireworks and lighting that avid gleam of curiosity again. Riviera. Casino. Bad woman. And she cried:

"So clever of you to recognise me, Alicia, after all those years!"

"Of course, I recognised you at once. I came out of the shop and thought, 'My goodness, there's Rhoda Mitchell!' Of course you've been photographed so much, Rhoda——"

"Oh, what nonsense! I don't suppose you've seen a photograph of me for years. . . . But *you* haven't changed, Alicia. I'd have known you anywhere."

What a liar I am, she thought wearily; what a terrible liar! She glanced round the crowded room, wondering how soon she could escape from them all.

"Do you remember how we used to love coming here as girls?" she asked them gaily. "Such wonderful strawberry ices! But, of course, their shop used to be on the other side of Bond Street in those days. It's changed, like everything else I used to know."

And again, sipping her tea and laughing and chattering, she felt a surge of fatigue and depression. The others had relaxed into easier talk. Comfortable talk, solid words and phrases. My son Charles going to take the cure at Carlsbad. My daughter had her second baby last week.

"Hester, you don't mean to say that you're a grandmother?"

"Oh, yes, Marion has two now. Such a duck, the last! They say it's going to take after me—ridiculous, of course! You can't tell at that age. And my son Raymond has a great boy who is up at Eton, so, you see, I'm a grandmother of long standing, Rhoda."

My son. My daughter-in-law. My grandson up at Eton. Solid words that were like bricks shutting them into a circle with her on the outside. They had forgotten her now. She leant back, listening and watching. For a moment it struck her with a gleam of ironic amusement that she and Alicia Crane were standing together on the outside of the circle—poor Alicia with her unmistakable air of a woman who sleeps and has always slept alone, and Rhoda Delaine, with her unmistakable air of a woman who has loved and been loved. Ironic, that! But still she felt bone tired, bone sad.

> *"What's become of all the gold*
> *That used to hang and brush their bosoms? . . .*
> *I feel chilly and grown old."*

George le Massey had been fond of quoting that, although a Boer bullet had put an end to his chances of ever feeling either chilly or old. Why was she thinking of him so much to-day when she could not even remember his face? . . . Yes, I feel chilly and grown old, George. You were lucky, after all.

Horribly old, dingily old. Horribly, horribly old and cold and tired. . . .

Bunny Loring was struggling into the Persian lamb coat.

"Well, Alicia, my dear, I'll have to be running. We're dining early to-night. The children are coming to dinner, and they're dragging us to a theatre."

"I must be going, too." Mrs. Delaine stood up, easy and confident. "So many thanks, Alicia, it's been delightful. One day you must lunch with me before I go back to my little retreat. Yes, we must keep in touch——"

WHAT a liar, she thought again as she passed from the eclipse of the swinging glass doors into the sunshine, what a dreadful liar! For she knew very well that she would make no effort to keep in touch with Alicia or with any of the others. Rather, she would forget them as quickly as possible. She would hurry them back into the oblivion of forgetfulness where they had been all these crowded years. Trying to rake over the past was as much a mistake as it would be to walk down Bond Street in a toque and a braided sailor blouse. It made one feel not young again, but chilly and horribly, dingily old . . .

Br-r-r! The sun had gone in, and the street was a narrow canyon of shadow. The cripple with his tray of violets and gardenias had vanished. She started to walk slowly towards Piccadilly and her hotel; her mind went forward gratefully to the hotel room as though it were home; to the comfort of taking this horribly tight hat off her aching head and these horribly tight corsets off her poor old body. Poor old body! The words that came into her head sounded terrible; she had always tried resolutely to keep them away. And yet at the same time she wanted to rush home and stare long and cruelly at that failing body in a mirror. She wanted to switch on all the strong lights and subject her face to a minute and pitiless search. She would drag all its pitiful secrets to light—its flabbiness, its fatigue, the long white incisions of beauty operations that were hidden artfully by the hair on her temples—and then perhaps to-morrow she would find the courage to—to what? To buy herself a feather boa like poor Alicia?

She was thinking wearily that this new London was a very crude and exhausting and violent place. "I'll go back to Antibes to-morrow, I'm tired out, I'll creep back and stay there this time"—when she noticed that a man was following her. The tempo of his steps, faltering and keeping time with hers, had beaten itself almost unconsciously into her thoughts. She paused to look in a shop window, and he paused too, a few yards farther down.

He was about thirty-five, and very good-looking, with a small dark moustache and impudent blue eyes. A red carnation was in his buttonhole. He, too, was looking at her out of the

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"She knew that they were looking at her curiously, with a hint of envy. The beautiful Rhoda, the famous Mrs. Delaine!"

PARIS AND OUR GENERAL ELECTION

An interested crowd of Parisians inspecting the posters used by the Conservative Party in the General Election and displayed outside the headquarters of the French National Conservative Party. On the right are seen French political posters which, it will be noted, are very different from ours

PARIS TO-DAY

By ETHEL MANNIN

PARIS calling! Here I am perched up among les toits de Paris with the Vaugirard meandering along to the Luxembourg far down below my window, and the roar of the Boul' Mich' drowning the clatter of my typewriter; and now instead of the bells of the old church in the Boulevard St. Germaine making a clock unnecessary, it is the sweeter bells of the Trianon Palace which perform that office, and the student cafés of the Rue Bonaparte and the Rue Jacob know me no more. Pourquoi? Je ne sais pas—except that there was a morning when the last golden apron fluttered down from the fig-tree outside my window in that famous little hotel of the narrow street I christened "the little street of smells," which is the Rue des Beaux Arts, and something within me said it was time I wandered farther afield . . . for life is too short to keep going back to the same places, and to do so is to get into a groove.

SO now instead of the fig-tree and the walled-in garden upon which a distinguished outlawed man of letters looked "with such a wistful eye," it is the Ancien Collége d'Harcourt, with its long dormitories revealed by the open windows, and its regiment of youth which finds the spectacle of the young woman at the typewriter across the street a source of interest and amusement, which forms my "view." And instead of the Deux Magots it is the Capoulade, with its very modern frescoes of grim faces and sprawling naked women in vivid colours, which has the honour of serving me my evening vermouth and my midnight bière.

Paul Tanqueray

MISS ETHEL MANNIN

The well-known author and publicist, who will continue to send "The Bystander" her latest impressions of life in Paris during her stay in the French capital

THE good old Boul' Mich' keeps pace with the times in the matter of modernist cafés with Picasso-esque mural decorations and garish lighting from triangular slats of opaque glass, and steel columns and "surgical" furniture. There is an "automat" à l'Américaine, where you can get anything you want out of automatic machines, and the exterior of which is like a blue-painted ship complete with portholes for windows, all very modern. Across the street you can hear any record you like simply by putting the right disc into the right slot and "listening-in" with ear-phones—it's an odd sight to see rows and rows of people all intently listening, yet not a sound to be heard!

CLOSE to the Café d'Harcourt, with its attractive modern façade and lighting, is the tiny narrow Rue Champollion—a sort of Rue de la Gaieté—where you may take your choice of bars and cabarets. The Biarritz is always a pleasant hubbub at the apéritif hours; it is the brightest café I have ever seen, a blaze of white light, and goes right through from the Rue Champollion to the Boul' Mich'. Socquets is a pleasant little American bar with none of that discouraging segregation of the sexes which makes the Ritz "for you but not for me." After a cocktail there you may eat à la Franco-Russe or Franco-Italian in the august shadows of the Trianon and the Sorbonne. I don't know whether the very good Chinese restaurant in the Boul' Mich accounts for the great number of Chinese one sees in this quarter, but it is very marked. Gypsy's in the Rue Cujas, the next street to the Rue Champollion, goes on positively all night—and, as the placard advertising it insists, there "on rire, on danse, on s'amuse," and

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A PRESIDENT'S GRANDDAUGHTER as Film Star

Rosita Garcia, the nineteen-year-old daughter of General Garcia, the Cuban Consul-General in this country, and granddaughter of a President of the Cuban Republic. She is playing lead in "Baroud," the £100,000 talkie film which Rex Ingram, who also plays a principal part, is making for Mansfield Markham, son of the late Sir Arthur Markham, in the Nice studio

Inset, shows Rosita Garcia and Rex Ingram as an Arab girl and a cavalry officer in "Baroud," which the latter has also written

PARIS TO-DAY (continued from page 290)

much less expensively than at the tourist cabarets of Montmartre, I might add. This little amusement centre is rather off the beaten track, and I give you tidings of it with my blessing.

THERE is an interesting—and significant—display of anti-Socialist propaganda posters in the Boul' Mich' showing how in the recent election England fought "the Socialist menace." The posters, which are English, and are, I imagine, a collection of those used by the Nationalists in England during the election, attract a considerable crowd all day long. The comments on the posters are in French, and Russia and Germany are not spared in this crusade against Socialism.

By the time you read this the Salon Nautique, which succeeds the Motor Show at the Grand Palais, will be over, and the Autumn Salon in full swing. Visiting this exhibition of Marine Sport, I found lovely yachts, and motor-boats like Rolls-Royces of the sea—complete with ultra-modern furniture and fittings. Odd, don't you think, that exhibitions of pure luxury like motor-shows and exhibitions of yachts and motor-boats should continue to attract large crowds in these hard times? But perhaps in France these luxuries can still be afforded.

TO come to something less controversial—the Guitrys are here, and the Bayreuth Opera Company—and I have at last seen *Maya*, with distinguished Marguerite Jamois in the rôle which Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies played when the play was privately produced in England. Here *Maya* is running seemingly interminably at the interesting little Théâtre Montparnasse—a sort of Gate Theatre of Paris, and, like the Gate, patronised by people who take the theatre seriously. I found there the sort of audience one sees at the Gate and the Arts Theatre—young men in sweaters and with locks of hair falling over one eye, and smartly Bohemian women with scarlet mouths, negligible eyebrows, and unexpected clothes. But I am still wondering why a negro was cast for the rôle of Hindu. Surely not on the assumption that both are brown; and it seemed to me a pity that a young woman should play the part of a quayside gamin. Her hips, as much as her voice, gave her away, and it would surely not be difficult to find a youth for the part.

AFTER *Maya* it seemed the obvious thing to look in at Les Antiles and watch the negroes "shaka da hip"—and the people who had come to watch the negroes—but there weren't so many of these. At Les Antiles—a stone's throw from the Rue de la Gaieté—you can see negroes of every shade, from darkest Africa to palest Haarlem. And irresistibly a line of the old song must come back to you as you watch, "If that's what they do when they're dancing, what happens after the ball?" Ah, *what!*

LYBIA DIMAS

The singer from the Argentine, who is making her first appearance in England this week, where she is entertaining visitors to the Trocadero. She recently scored a big success in Paris, where she is called "la troublante sud-Américaine"

WELL, well, anything may happen in Paris—and does. The other night at the Select, up in Montparnasse, I saw a child of three or four drinking a demi-bière—and thoroughly enjoying his sweet absurd little self. But it was getting on for midnight, and all the British matron in me rose up and wanted to remonstrate with his beaming père and insist that the child really was a little young, both to be drinking beer and sitting up till that hour in a hot, smoky, crowded café. But the French have their own ideas about children, and the little one seemed very much awake and high-spirited, though pale—like the majority of French city children.

THE Bar Américaine at La Coupole across the street is always full—but with more men than women. I have heard this bar called by another name, but as these letters are for publication we will let it go at that. It is enough that the cocktails are good there.

Here's drama for you—or so it seems to me. At dinner a few nights ago in the little restaurant off the Rue Jacob where I have eaten many an excellent meal and drunk good wine and spent no more than ten francs, and which is patronised by so many refugee Russians, a little man, whose face seemed vaguely familiar to me, sat opposite. Whilst I watched him, raking my memory for his name, he produced a letter from his pocket to show to his companion. The envelope was addressed with a name which invoked heart-stirring memories of the Diaghilieff ballet. Instantly I knew why that pale face opposite me was familiar. Many a time had I seen that little figure strutting and leaping and pirouetting in "Aurora's Wedding." The last time I had seen that little man he wore blue velvet—and awaited applause in the manner of one who expects it as his natural due. Yet there he was—Diaghilieff dead, the troupe disbanded—shabby and insignificant in that cheap little restaurant . . ! The tumult and the shouting dies! C'est la vie! It has happened before; it will happen again. And Paris was always a refuge for those whom glory and honour, fame and fortune, desert with the passing of the years. What do they know of Paris who only the Ritz bar know?

DO you know Landowski's lovely modern statue of Saint Geneviève down the river beyond Nôtre Dame—erected as recently as 1926, I believe, in commemoration of the bridge upon which it stands—a lovely figure of a woman and child high on the top of a tall narrow column, gracious with the clean, academically pure, lines of modernity? Look out for it on your way out to the Colonial Exposition—it's a whole lot less "obvious" than the majority of Paris street monuments. Which reminds me, apropos of the Exposition, this Paris Wembley must be seen at night for its full excitement. E. M.

"FUTURES"

FOUR MAMMAS AND THEIR BABIES

Above: Mrs. A. Marlowe with her little son, Paddy, who has two very distinguished grandfathers. They are Mr. Thomas Marlowe, a former editor of the "Daily Mail," and Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., the famous lawyer

In the upper right-hand picture is seen Mrs. Thirlwall Philipson and her son, Christopher. She is the wife of Major T. Philipson, and the daughter of the late Mr. William Buckley Gladstone

Photographs by Lenare

Photographs

The Hon. Mrs. Francis Erskine and her daughter, Rosemary Susan. Her husband, who is the younger son of the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, was A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada from 1922 to 1925

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Mrs. Thomas Cochrane and Julian face the photographer. Before her marriage to the Hon. Thomas Cochrane, D.S.O., the eldest son and heir of Lord and Lady Cochrane, she was the Hon. Elin Douglas-Pennant, being a daughter of the second Baron Penrhyn, who died in 1907

BY LESLIE BUTLER

THINGS WE NEVER SEE

The wheel-tapper finding a cracked one

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A NEW GALSWORTHY—THE MODERNS

By "Junius"

AFTER reading Mr. John Galsworthy's new book, *Maid in Waiting* (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.), I find its dominant effect upon my mind is the life of Diana Ferse whilst her husband is in a mental home, and the fear and horror of his return, apparently recovered. The scenes in the house in Chelsea, when madness is again overtaking Ferse, are amongst the most poignant Mr. Galsworthy has given us in the long list of novels which will serve our descendants as the social history of our time.

The Ferses are only subsidiary characters. That their tragedy should stand out in one's memory of the book is no reflection upon the author's craftsmanship. The reason, I think, is because Mr. Galsworthy has taken one of the bitterest injustices of our marriage laws, and bitten into its effects upon the lives of three people with the acid of reality.

THE story centres round Hubert Charwell (pronounced Cherrell), a young officer whose misadventures in Bolivia whilst on an expedition with an American professor rouse a veritable hornet's nest in England. Hubert is in charge of the transport. The muleteers treat their animals so vilely that ultimately the hot blooded young Englishman flogs one of them. The man attacks him with a knife, wounding him in the arm. To save his own life Hubert shoots him. The Professor blames Hubert for the failure of the expedition and sets out these facts in a book without giving their cause. Here the hornets begin to buzz.

Questions are asked in Parliament and Hubert stands pilloried as a British officer who has disgraced his uniform by brutality and murder. The Charwells had been at Condaford Grange since the thirteenth century. This slur upon the family name—of which they are justly proud—is intolerable. But Hubert has no redress.

HOWEVER, he has a sister, Dinny, one of the most charming and attractive of Mr. Galsworthy s heroines. She boldly sets out on a course of "wire-pulling," which includes the Foreign Office and the Home Secretary. Just when she thinks she has been successful the Republic of Bolivia demands Hubert's extradition on the charge of having murdered a Bolivian subject. To the horror of the family the extradition is granted. From this point I shall tell you no more of Mr. Galsworthy's story; you must read it for yourselves.

The canvas is a large one. Upon it are all the members of the Charwell family, their husbands, wives, and children, carefully etched portraits with their differing temperaments and idiosyncrasies; and a mass of other characters upon whom their lives impinge. It is a picture of two generations bound in the closest family ties, as were the Forsytes, in the atmosphere of an ancient house, and all that it stands for—a world that is passing away—and modern conditions. We have no writer who can convey the binding tie of family as Mr. Galsworthy does, and *Maid in Waiting* will rank beside the *Forsyte Saga*.

MISS MARY BORDEN disarms a certain type of critic by saying that her novel *Sarah Gay* (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.) is not a story with a moral. It is a love story. She writes of the War and after. Of her hero and heroine she says, "They did a lot of damage. They did each other and a number of people harm. They did some things that society, interested in preserving its existence, quite correctly considered criminal, and others that Sarah, at any rate, felt were offensive, perhaps rightly—who can tell?—to a higher, in fact to the Highest Authority in the world."

Sarah was Lady Howick, the wife of a general who became badly unstuck in the War. She nursed in France, and there met Johnnie Gay, with whom she fell desperately in love. For Johnnie she left her husband and children, and when Lord Howick would not divorce her, lived openly with her lover in London, to the scandal of her family. Then one of her children falls ill, and she returns to England and stays for months in a house with a husband who will not speak to her. Meanwhile, Johnnie in Paris has been faithless. Lord Howick dies, and Sarah goes to Paris, where she

(Continued on page 306)

Lenare

MISS MARY BORDEN

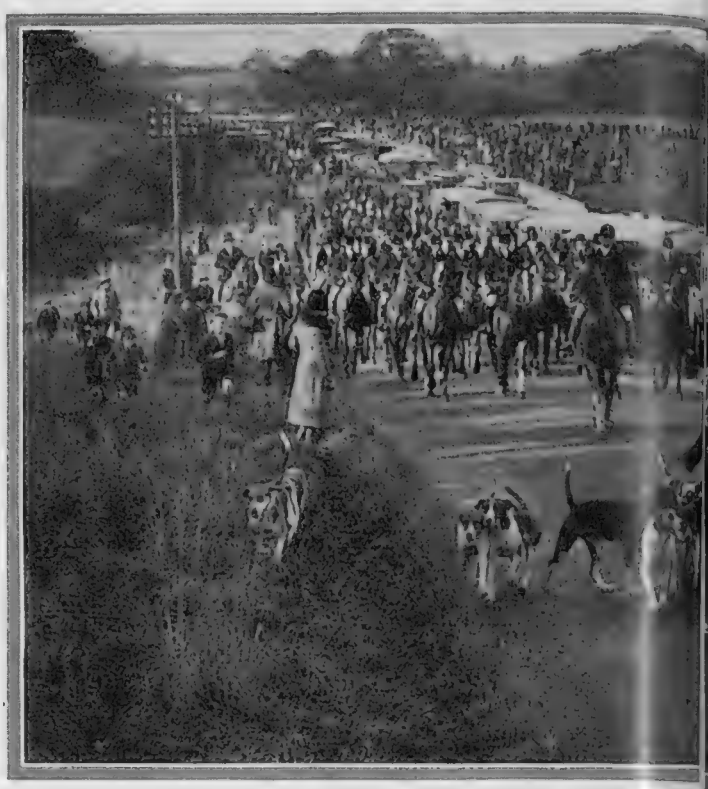
Whose new novel, "Sarah Gay" (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed in this article. She is the wife of Brigadier-General E. L. Spears, C.B., C.B.E., M.C.

"The Queen's return, February 18th, 1931"

One of the illustrations in the new biography, "Don Alfonso XIII." The authors of this book, published by John Murray at 21s., are H.R.H. Princess Pilar of Bavaria and Major Desmond Chapman-Huston

SOME FIRST MEETS OF THE SEASON:

The Countess of Haddington at the opening meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's, the most famous Scottish hunt. It was held at Eildon Hall, St. Boswells, the residence of the Earl of Dalkeith, who is Joint-Master with his father



The field moving off after the opening meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate, Melton Mowbray. Hounds found first at Gartree Hill Covert and put their fox to ground near Little Dalby after a thirty-five minutes' run. They later killed a fox at Adam's Gorse after a run of thirty minutes

Lady Alexandra Haig and the Countess of Dalkeith arriving at Eildon Hall for the opening meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's. Numbering sixty couples, this hunt meets on four days a week during the season

The Earl of Harewood, the Master of the Bramham Moor, at the opening meet, which was held at Bardsey. A varied day's sport followed the meet of this famous Yorkshire hunt

The QUORN, BRAMHAM MOOR, and BUCCLEUCH

The field entering the wood at the first draw after the Old Berkeley's opening meet at Latimer House last week. A large field enjoyed the day's sport provided by this hunt, the Master of which is Mr. S. G. R. Barratt

At the opening meet of the North Northumberland, held at Cornhill-on-Tweed. The photograph shows, from left to right, Miss Annette Usher (the Master), Mr. Moffat Thomson, Mrs. Collingwood, Mrs. Moffat Thomson, and Capt. Collingwood

Shooting hounds! Mrs. Brockenhurst gets busy with her ciné-camera at the opening meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate, Melton Mowbray

Mrs. Ernest Hill (Walton Heath) putting on the 9th green at Wentworth during the semi-final round of the recent Inter-Club Ladies' Scratch Tournament. Her club was beaten by Thorndon Park, the ultimate winners

GOLF GOSSIP

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

It seems hard to believe that we can play, for the average player, a full tee shot a few yards from such a busy thoroughfare as Kensington High Street, but I discovered that one can do so. Mine was rather a belated discovery; for years I have passed the All-Weather Golf Practice School at Melbury Road, Kensington, and have wondered what it was; not until last week had my curiosity taken me farther than to read the advertising signs. The school, for such it really is, has been in existence for about nine years, and is now used by many well-known golfers, amongst whom are the Aga Khan and Squadron-Commander Hayward. There is a putting green of eighteen holes, also fifteen screened and covered tees where one can drive into a distant net, fifty-five feet high by two hundred feet long; a little farther north is an approaching course of eighteen holes varying in length from fifteen to eighty yards, well guarded by bunkers, and requiring great pitching accuracy. This course is used at certain times for what is termed "field practice"; in this one plays from a covered tee, so that it matters not if the weather is of that type from which we suffered so much at week-ends last year, to greens thirty, fifty, eighty, 100, and finally 200 yards out. The 200 yards hole is 23ft. higher than the tee, so that it is a tee shot to test most drivers.

Having once discovered the practice ground I intend to visit it frequently to see if it will help me to collect a few more half-crowns over the week-end, or perhaps it is better to say to avoid losing so many.

Mrs. R. L. Kennedy (West Hill) congratulating her opponent, Mrs. Percy Garon, of Thorndon Park, who beat her during the final of the Inter-Club Ladies' Scratch Tournament an Wentworth. Thorndon Park won by 3½ to 1½

The golfing event of the month was, without question, the London Ladies' Inter-Club Golf Tournament (promoted by *The Star*) semi-finals and finals at Wentworth last week. The semi-finals produced some surprising results, not the least of these being Mrs. Percy Garon's defeat by Mrs. Knight in the match between Thorndon Park and Walton Heath, in which the former club was successful.

Conditions were most difficult; it was blowing half a gale, and this made the putting greens terrifying.

Players pitching had to do so on the wings of chance, and it is said that chance is a poor master. The result of the difficult conditions was that putting became a very tremulous business; good players were afraid to hit putts for fear of passing the hole, and when they did so seemed quite unable to judge the strength required to get back against the wind. Mrs. Garon outdrove Mrs. Knight, but the latter was always straight and putted with great confidence. Mrs. Garon's nerve seemed completely to desert her on the greens, and to the surprise of the large gallery she was defeated.

* * *

West Hill beat Royal Mid-Surrey, and so met Thorndon Park in the final. One of the features of this contest was the match between Miss Rabbidge and Mrs. R. L. Kennedy. Miss Rabbidge did the first seven holes in one under the par for the course, and was three up; then Mrs. Kennedy began to revel in the putting conditions. The turning point was the tenth, where she was two down, and where, incidentally, Miss Rabbidge took three putts.

At the eleventh and twelfth Mrs. Kennedy sank long putts and appeared to demoralise her opponent, winning to the tune of 4 and 3.

The tournament has been running for ten years, but this must have been easily the most exciting final in its history. Mrs. Garon, playing top for Thorndon Park, found her true form, and beat Mrs. Kennedy 5 and 3. Miss Rudgard underclubbed continuously, developed a vicious hook, and lost to Miss Joan Hill 5 and 4.

* * *

The fate of the major match was vested in the last three matches, all of which went to or beyond the last green. Miss Joy Winn, playing against Mrs. Collis Browne, who was at one time four up, did not square the match until the 15th, and became one up at the 16th. She was bunkered at the 17th, and lost the hole, making them all square; at the 18th her opponent was in a ditch, out of which she had to lift under penalty, and had eventually played five shots before Miss Winn, who was in a bunker on the edge of the green not more than eight yards from the pin, had played four, but who could do no more than halve the hole. So on to the 19th; here Mrs. Collis Browne missed her second shot, and thus ended a marvellous fight.

* * *

Mrs. R. Garrett won her match with Mrs. Turner Bell on the 19th. This match was nothing but an exchange of holes. Mrs. Garrett was one down at the 15th, but won the long 16th in a birdie 4, a score which would please any professional. The 17th was halved; at the 18th Mrs. Turner Bell elected to play a pitch shot with her niblick when, owing to the high wind, it would have been more profitable to have used a straight-faced club; this was a costly error as events proved, and gave her opponent the victory

* * *

Thorndon Park won a well deserved victory by 3½ to 1½ of West Hill; it can be said the latter fought a gallant fight and were beaten, but far from disgraced.

The first cigarette NEWS for over 40 years

. . . a filter tip that holds throat irritants in check

THE du Maurier filter tip is the most effective means of preventing throat irritation and cough.

The impurities that exist in tobacco leaf are, of course, removed during manufacture by the recognised modern methods of careful preparation.

This is not enough, because it is on burning the tobacco that the real causes of irritation and smoker's throat are developed—the acrid products of combustion. These can only be removed from the smoke itself.

The du Maurier filter tip is prepared from the only substance known to science able to retain them. By cutting out the bad, the good is emphasised. Fine Virginia leaf becomes even more delectable. The proof is in the smoking.

Photo: Peter North

The cigarettes with the filter tip gained their first enthusiast in Sir Gerald du Maurier. As a mark of appreciation of their unique qualities he has permitted us to name them after him.

THE du Maurier filter tip has seven tangible advantages . . . It protects the lips and teeth from stain . . . It retains irritant "acrids" and is, therefore, the only effective method of preventing smoker's throat . . . It collects tobacco tar, thus guarding physical fitness . . . It stops bits of tobacco getting into the mouth . . . It avoids burning the tongue . . . It makes the smoke delightfully sweet and cool, bringing out the flavour . . . It gives a cleaner, healthier and more satisfying smoke.

Concerning du Maurier Virginia *The Lancet* (January 24th, 1931—page 194) writes: "We find these cigarettes to be cooler and less irritating to the mucous membrane than ordinary cigarettes of good quality without the filter tip."

royds.

20 for 1/-
50 for 2/6

du MAURIER
FILTER TIP VIRGINIA

A product of Peter Jackson, 217, Piccadilly, W.1.

FLYING NOTES

SOME GREAT BRITISH FLIGHTS

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

The Record Breakers

IN a little over thirty hours the Fairey Napier monoplane covered 2,850 miles from Cranwell to Abu Sueir in Egypt, thus completing its first trial prior to the attack on the long-distance non-stop record held by America for a flight from New York to Constantinople. Sq.-Ldr. O. R. Gayford, D.F.C., and Flt.-Lt. D. L. Bett are the pilots chosen from the R.A.F. to carry out this work, which has as its primary object the perfection of a machine capable of maintaining contact between different parts of the Empire without landing on foreign soil. The Napier engine used is a standard Series XI, similar to others in use in the R.A.F. and in many other Air Forces. The machine is one of the largest single-engined types ever built, and contrasts strangely with the Comper "Swift" on which Mr. C. A. Butler is flying towards Australia. By the time these Notes are read he may have reached his goal, but sufficiently good progress has been made so far to record the flight as of outstanding merit. Extra petrol tanks were fitted to give this tiny monoplane a range of at least 1,000 miles, and Mr. Butler reached Karachi in four days, one hour. The engine is a standard Pobjoy, and the whole outfit can be bought for £550 from Brian Lewis, whose company holds the rights for this country.

Mr. C. A. Butler with his Comper "Swift," probably the smallest aeroplane in the world, in which he flew to India in four days. The machine cruises at more than 100 m.p.h., and its running cost is less than three farthings a mile

The Moth Season

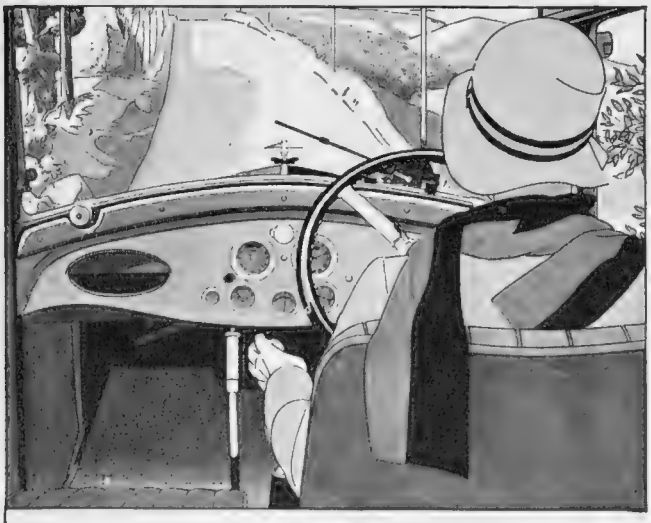
WHETHER a record is broken by a Moth or any other type, another Moth always seems ready to take the air in order to lower it. Bert Hinkler, one of the finest long-distance pilots in the Empire, who flew the first light aeroplane, the "Avro" Baby, to Rome and to Riga non-stop several years ago, and who set the pace for the England-Australia run, has taken to the Puss Moth for his latest venture. The first lap was non-stop through the night from New York to Kingston, Jamaica, after which he intends to tour South America in similar stages of 1,500 miles or more. Distances between important cities in the southern continent are tremendous, necessitating a machine with a high average cruising speed and a range of at least 1,000 miles. The flight of the Puss Moth "Good Hope" to the Cape in five days and an hour or so is a magnificent tribute to the reliability of the Gipsy engine and to the skill and endurance of its first pilot, Mr. Gordon Store. Miss Peggy Salaman's pluck and sportsmanship is very greatly admired, and it seems a pity that so much romance and rubbish should have been dished up to spoil a good story. I hope the American papers haven't missed the yarn about an emergency aerodrome. "A lot of clearing had to be done before they could get away this morning, both Miss Salaman and Mr. Store having to shoot tree stumps out of the ground with their revolvers and fill in elephant tracks where necessary" — *daily paper*. Presumably they had the sense to fill in the elephant tracks with the tree stumps!

Club News

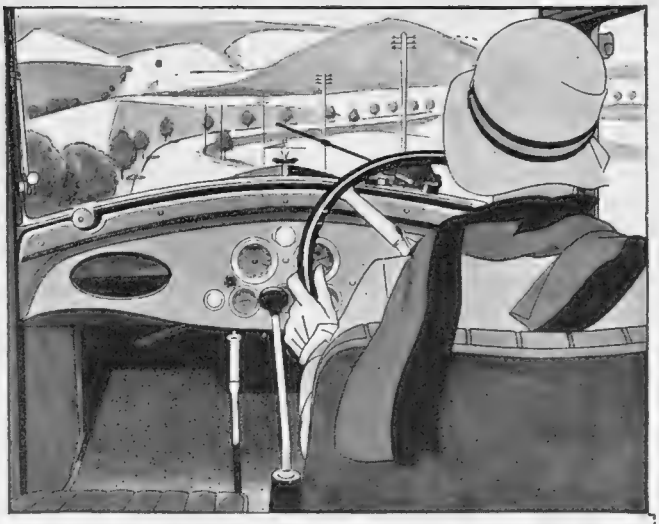
THE steady increase of flying times all over the country has been well maintained this year, in spite of shocking weather during the summer months. At the end of last month the London Club had equalled its total number of hours in the air for 1930, somewhere near 3,500, and with two months to go there is a sporting chance of reaching the 4,000 mark. Major Travers is carrying on alone, whilst Mr. Gordon Store has been absent on a record-breaking flight to the Cape. The Moth equipped for flying with the "head in the bag" is popular, as more and more pilots realise that their training is incomplete without the ability to navigate in clouds or darkness. The Club's Annual Dinner and Dance, one of the most popular events amongst London flying people, will be held at the Park Lane Hotel on December 4. The Northamptonshire Club's Annual Ball was as good as ever, particularly the extension of the party to Sywell Aerodrome for ham and eggs. Croydon being one of the most densely populated airports in existence, it is not surprising to find a demand for more amusement out of working hours. The management of the Aerodrome Hotel has been persuaded by a few enthusiasts to engage a band for dancing, and there is to be a party to-morrow night at tarmac prices.

WITH "HENRY" AT HANWORTH

A Ford all-metal air liner, with sundry cars and dealers to give the true perspective. This machine is a demonstration model and is fitted with arm-chairs, a divan, reading lamps fans and a bar



"Here we are—just the place where Synchro-Mesh makes me a better driver. I never have any qualms about gear-changing in this Cadet."



"There—who could have made a quieter change from top to second? It's so simple that you just can't go wrong. And this second gear is as quiet as top."

The EASIEST, QUICKEST GEAR-CHANGE *you've ever made....*

FAULTLESS GEAR-CHANGING (SYNCHRO-MESH) AND SILENT SECOND GEAR

PERFECT gear-changing all the time when you're driving the new Vauxhall Cadet! With its new Synchro-Mesh Gears you find changing up or down just as easy as applying the brake. No double-declutching, no judging of engine speed, no slowing up as you change, no stalling, no noise.

And your second gear is as silent as top! Try Synchro-Mesh Gears for yourself, any dealer will arrange a trial run; and ask him for the Vauxhall Cadet catalogue: or write to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

BRITISH

VAUXHALL CADET

17 H.P. 6-CYLINDERS

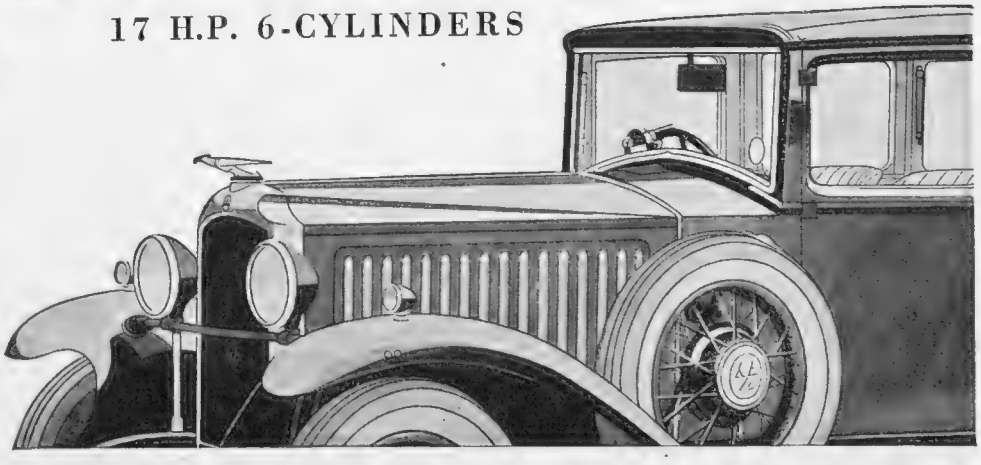
FOUR-DOOR SALOON **£285**

(Ex Works, Hendon).

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof £10 extra

Two and Four-light sliding-roof Coupés ..	£295
Drop-head Coupé ..	£325
Tickford all-weather Saloon	£325

There is a special 26-h.p. model for Overseas.



For those who want a bigger car, there is the improved 24-h.p. Vauxhall Silent Eighty, from £485

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Capt. and Mrs. A. S. Cunningham-Reid find relaxation from the hard work of political campaigning They are seen at the International Gundog League Retriever Society's 26th Working Trials at Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket

STRAYING PHEASANTS

By "CLODHOPPER"

THE tenant of a big Nottinghamshire shoot, who reared and put to covert some 4,000 pheasants this season, tells me that he has lost more of his birds through straying than in many years past. "What is the cause of such wholesale wandering?" asks the sportsman in question, who, by the way, although a very fair shot, knows but little about the habits of game, and, being also an extremely busy business man, leaves every detail in regard to the organising and conduct of his partridge drives and covert shoots to his head keeper. Indeed, more than once when shooting here it occurred to me that even the placing of the guns in their respective stands had been left entirely to the "discretion" of that same worthy velveteen.

Now, in common with one or two other game preserves within my ken, the owner of the errant longtails, instead of cutting expenses by rearing a smaller number of birds than usual, attempted to make some kind of retrenchment by curtailing not only his staff of keepers, but also his corn bill. Shorter-sighted or more fallacious economy than this it is difficult to imagine. Apart from the fact that ill-fed pheasants make poor fliers, and fetch relatively poor prices at the game-dealer's hands, they naturally wander abroad to forage for food. And more particularly does straying occur where there is a congestion of game such as I more than suspect obtains on the shooting in question.

THIS has been a wonderful autumn for tree and hedge fruits of every kind; while the weather, up to the latter part of October, was so exceptionally mild and open that many an enterprising pheasant would, forgetful of the feed-basket even, desert its natal covert to exploit the countryside. Such wanderers—especially those which have passed over the guns—will often travel quite long distances into other localities. And, as every practical game rearer and keeper is aware, precious few stray pheasants escape the shootin'-irons of the pot-hunting brotherhood.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

HINT TO CARTRIDGE BUYERS

WHEN you are enjoined to buy British cartridges you can be patriotic whilst still serving your most selfish personal interests. Some twenty-five years ago I was one of a small committee of experts which had been appointed with the object of producing a proof gun capable of testing the essential merits of a cartridge. The idea was that it should be duplicated so that every manufacturer could strive on an equal footing towards the already well-defined ideal. As pioneers of modern smokeless powder, we were of necessity pioneers also in the testing apparatus which alone enabled high explosives to be schooled into the task of delivering a push instead of a blow. Foreign rivals promptly adopted so useful an appliance, but although we and they have both worked hard there remains a distinctiveness about British ammunition which commends it to the British user. This distinctiveness arises from the fact that all our effort has been directed to the efficient propulsion of about one ounce of shot from a light gun, itself specialised for driven game. By contrast, the foreigner favours what we still call the pigeon load—namely, about one-quarter heavier than the game load. Powders remain such sensitive things that a combination which has been devised for one purpose is never quite at its best when serving another. Further, there is the fact that climates differ to a sufficient extent to emphasise the merits of "home-made." So, after forty years of hard work, the smokeless cartridge remains very "groovy" in its habits and susceptibilities.

ALTHOUGH seemingly too lazy to pluck the fruit from tree or bush themselves, pheasants—and for that matter most species of our indigenous game birds—are inordinately fond of berries and nuts, including both sweet and horse-chestnuts, hazel nuts, beech-mast and acorns. From coverts where an abundance of natural food of this kind prevails, comparatively few "longtails" will take the trouble to wander far afield, unless it be to search for the sharp grit which is essential to trituration of such hard tack as the before-mentioned nuts and dry food generally. But every head-keeper worthy of his wage will see that there is no paucity of suitable grit on the beats under his charge even though he may have to put it down artificially.

AS I mentioned previously it is false economy to stint hand-reared pheasants in regard to feeding at any time, and on shootings where natural food is scarce the October corn bill should, if strong-winged and well-breasted birds are required, be the heaviest of the season. On the other hand, where sweet chestnuts and a variety of natural food are abundant, the expenses attached to autumn feeding may be considerably reduced by gradually restricting covert feeding and allowing the pheasants, more or less, to forage for themselves. Careful keepers will assist the birds in this by occasionally walking round the fences with a stick at "ripening time" to knock the fruit on to the ground.

ONE has frequently heard that chestnuts are too large and hazel-nuts too hard for pheasants to digest properly. Not a bit of it. Scores, nay, hundreds of times have I watched these birds first smash to pieces with their powerful bills and then devour, with great apparent relish, both Spanish and horse chestnuts. Again, one has but to examine the crop of a pheasant the morning after it has been gorging upon hazel nuts to find not a trace of either shell or kernel. But it is only natural to imagine that game birds prefer the sweet to the more acrid variety of chestnut. Be this as it may, were I engaged in covert planting belts and clumps of Spanish chestnuts would figure conspicuously on my plan.

THERE is a heavy acorn crop this year, and pheasants will feed greedily upon the shed fruit of the oak if permitted to do so. But owing to their astringent properties too full a diet of acorns will render the flesh not only of game birds, but of wood pigeons, wild duck, *et hoc*—dry, hard, and unpalatable. Nevertheless, acorns make a welcome addition to the feed-basket, and when they lie too thick on the ground it is well to have them gathered from under the trees and stored in a dry place for future use.

"Antiquary"

Just as good with water as with Soda.

The First Old Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY

"ANTIQUARY" has a rare mellow flavour and delightful bouquet. A glass of "ANTIQUARY" relieves fatigue, aids digestion, and is a wonderful stimulant—further, it conveys the very spirit of friendship.

Should you have difficulty in obtaining supplies, write for name and address of the nearest agent to

Make it Your Home Whisky

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VIOLA TREE

Making her first appearance in Cabaret.

Book your tables early by ringing Gerrard 2462.

Finest Cuisine. Best Wines.

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Under the sole direction of POULSON & STOCCO.

DOGS

PARSIMONY AND POISONS — By Lady Kitty Ritson

PEOPLE are very extraordinary, for they seem to credit me with witch-like powers. They write and tell me that "Jack" has been ill for two days, has refused his food, and do I think it is distemper? Now, willing as I am to help, neither I, nor the cleverest veterinary surgeon, could tell what is the matter when supplied with that amount of data. And why, in the name of humanity, wait to hear from me, while the dog must be growing steadily worse and worse, instead of calling in a competent vet.? If it is a form of economy, I rather deplore it. If for some reason you seek advice by post from anybody, you must give details of the dog's temperature and of any abnormal symptoms, otherwise it is asking the impossible.

I THINK it is a fairly safe thing to say that the ordinary house pet is not ill unless he is sickening for distemper, has picked up poison, or has an internal chill. I have often given directions for treating distemper, but as I have just had a letter from a correspondent who says that she believes I advocate keeping a dog suffering from distemper in the same temperature for a few days, I feel rather desperate, and should like to go about shrieking "six weeks" at the top of my voice. Let him out after a few days, and you are asking for a dead dog.

AS there is a lot of rat poisoning going on at this time of year it behoves dog owners not to let their pets run about alone, for, in many cases, rat poison is fatal to dogs. It is useless to give any rules for dealing with poison, for it is a matter for the most instant and skilled attention. There is one tip that is worth knowing. Keep a piece of common washing soda the size of a walnut in your pocket, and if your dog picks up anything suspicious while walking out, push this down his throat. He will vomit in about three minutes; it can do him no harm and may save his life. All dogs should be chided whenever they pick up anything they find lying about. You can never quite cure them, but you can make them chary of bolting every bit of filth and rubbish they meet. Of course it is a struggle between the forces of civilisation and those of Nature, for the dog is by instinct a scavenger.

The Hon. Mrs. H. L. Parker with her Irish Wolfhound, Chulainn Marquess. The photograph was taken at the Metropolitan and Essex Canine Society's Show at the Crystal Palace

I HAVE been asked by several correspondents whether I really believed that dogs don't feel cold, and whether a kennel is not too exposed these frosty winter nights. Well, it depends upon what you call a kennel. I don't call a draughty barrel, or a kennel where the dog can't get away from the opening, a proper place for them to sleep in. My own dogs have a hut (bought by Alfred out of his earnings). It is lined, there is linoleum on the floor, and they each have a bench raised off the floor, filled with straw, and in very cold weather a sack is hung over the opening. Thus they can enjoy the heat generated by their bodies, instead of dissipating it all over the place.

WHEN you hear of huskies sleeping outside at sixty below zero you must remember that they are well buried beneath the snow and that all their body heat is reflected back into that small compass. You know that you yourself can sleep in a cold room with perfect comfort, provided you have plenty of bedclothes: and the same applies to dogs. Turn them into their kennel after a good sharp run, and also after a good supper (the latter to be given after the run), and then they will have reserve stores of warmth.

Won't you spend 5d. on him?

It only means spending fivepence to buy a bag of Spillers Shapes for your dog to try. And there are no biscuits he will relish like Shapes.

Four different shapes and every shape a different flavour. WHEATMEAL—crisp and crunchy for the teeth. SUPER—the vitamin biscuit. FRUIT—containing genuine fruit for the digestion, and GINGER—the canine cocktail!

Spillers

SHAPES

In packets and bags 5d. and 1/=, and larger sizes. Also loose by the pound.

SPILLERS LIMITED
JACOB STREET, LONDON, S.E.1.

We have many other models suitable for both Town and Country wear.

TRUE ECONOMY MAINTAINS QUALITY

PATRIOTIC principles call for economy, but the House of Durward is prepared, while reducing prices, to offer the same intrinsic value for which it has always been renowned. All materials are entirely British made, many of them being hand woven, and the standard of workmanship is second to none.

THE D.B. CHESTER.

This coat is a particular favourite with professional and business men. Its clean-cut, somewhat formal lines are quietly impressive and show up to advantage when tailored in Blue, Blue-Greys, Grey Saxonies, Twills, Herringbones, etc.

The "Chester" is also popular for more formal occasions in the country.

6 Gns.

In other materials at 6, 7, and 8 Gns.

KENNETH DURWARD LTD.
37, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Sore Throat

Help that Child!

Give him a Formamint tablet at the first sign of soreness. Formamint, Wulfing Brand, will relieve his discomfort almost at once. Your child will like these harmless and very palatable tablets, that will protect him against infectious diseases such as Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Influenza, etc.

Keep Formamint handy—buy a bottle to-day.

FORMAMINT

WULFING BRAND

Made by Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough.

Of all Chemists at 2/6 a bottle.

Easy Way to Whiten Teeth 3 Shades in 3 Days

Now simple to Remove Ugly Yellow Stain and Causes of Decay

Teeth Soon Attractive

IF your teeth are dull, tinged with yellow or stain that dims your beauty like a storm cloud when you smile then—

It's time you tried this new and utterly different technique—but recently perfected—that removes every blemish and easily whitens teeth 3 shades in 3 days.

Just do this: Morning and night, give teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH with a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush.

Then note the day-to-day improvement. Very soon teeth look cleaner and whiter than for years. Gums feel firmer and look healthier. The mouth and breath are sweet and fresh. Here's the reason:

Kolynos is unique. It succeeds where ordinary preparations fail because it becomes an antiseptic foam the very moment it enters the mouth. This foam gets into and cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice. It kills the millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath, defy ordinary toothpastes and cause 95% of all tooth and gum troubles—190 million are killed in the first 15 seconds.

Gently this exhilarating, antiseptic foam bathes the teeth and gums—erases tartar and the mucoid coating—stimulates the gums—purifies the oral cavity—CLEANS TEETH AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED, RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL, NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY!

Thus stain and ugly yellow are removed. Decay is prevented. Teeth are kept sound and gleaming white. And gums are safeguarded against insidious disease.

Try the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Start giving teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH morning and night. You'll be glad you did. Teeth will be whiter than ever. Gums firmer and healthier. The mouth tingling with a clean, fresh taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos from your Chemist to-day.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

MADE IN ENGLAND

LIQUID KOLYNOS The antiseptic and delightfully refreshing mouth-wash, gargle, or spray (highly concentrated). **PRICE NOW** 1/9 per flask—at all chemists.

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WEST INDIES AND WEST AFRICA.
From Liverpool .. Jan. 22
From Plymouth .. Jan. 23
46 days from 95 gns.

MADEIRA, N. AFRICA, SPAIN, AND MEDITERRANEAN.
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World Cruise
"Franconia" (20,000 tons)

From London, Jan. 21, eastwards, returning England June. Rates from £375.

Apply Cunard Line, Liverpool, London, or local offices and Agents.

THE BRITISH HAT OF WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION

A MAN of taste is deeply sensible of the merits and virtues of a good hat. From the day of purchase it becomes a friend and companion, keeping an unperturbed countenance alike in rain or shine, and offering protection from each.

Yet this friend is treated lightly . . . often neglected. Being British and made by Moores, however, no amount of neglect or exposure to weather vagaries can spoil its fine shape or even colour. That is why the phrase "no better hat is made" has become internationally associated with the product of the House of Moores.

¶ ***Moores' Hats are sold from twelve shillings and sixpence upwards.***

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Moores HATS

Two booklets, entitled "Talking Through Your Hat," and "A Rabbit's Tale," tell all about the making of Fur Felt Hats. Write for copies.

J. MOORES & SONS, LTD., Factory at DENTON, ENGLAND.
The largest manufacturers of Fur Bowler Hats in the world. Φ B9.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 295)

tries to shoot her rival. Johnnie returns to his allegiance and they marry.

This is the bald outline of the story, which, under Miss Borden's subtle pen, has a psychological significance. Sarah herself is responsible for all that happens, because she is the stronger character of the two. She knows she is doing wrong, but there is an inevitableness in the whole situation which she cannot escape—in fact, she makes no effort to escape. The chapters dealing with Paris immediately after the War are a brilliant picture of those days when Europe was being put into the melting-pot at those endless conferences at Versailles.

TAKING Ben Jonson for his subject, Mr. Eric Linklater—who, you will remember, wrote that clever, diverting book, *Juan in America*—has given us a vivid picture of the English of Elizabeth and James I. *Ben Jonson and King James* (Jonathan Cape: 10*s.* 6*d.*) is written with such a real perception of character that it ceases to be biography. It reads like a fascinating novel, with the proud, truculent, witty Ben Jonson as its hero. We have the theatre, with its incessant writing of new plays; the Courts of Elizabeth and James; the Bohemian London of those days; and the larger London, always living under the shadow of plague bred of its squalor and filth.

MASQUES were in favour at Court in those times, generally allegories acted by the courtiers—sometimes Majesty itself taking part—in a setting of elaborate scenery. Jonson tried hard to become a masque writer to Queen Elizabeth, but found no favour. But James recognised the genius of the man who wrote *Everyman in his Humour*, and until that monarch's death Jonson basked in the Royal favour as a poet and a playwright. Then came evil times, and he died in poverty. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where the words "O Rare Ben Jonson" carved upon his marble tombstone may still be seen.

Pearl Freeman

JOHN GALSWORTHY

Whose latest novel, "Maid in Waiting," is reviewed by "Junius" on page 295. It is published by Heinemann at 7s. 6d.

The man's overpowering personality stands out on almost every page of this book, and for background it has the spirit of his time, with its coarsenesses and brutalities, and with its love of letters and splendour. Mr. Linklater is to be congratulated on a big achievement in biography.

ARE our older novelists wearying of the present day as a source for their novels? One after the other they are going back to the Victorian times for their themes. Miss Muriel Hine has joined the number. *In Wild Rye* (The Bodley Head: 7*s.* 6*d.*) she takes us to a manufacturing town in the Midlands during the 'nineties. Jenny Rorke's story is told against a background of the growing power of the Trades Unions; the beginning of the Suffragette movement; and the politics and fashions of the times.

OF course, there is a love-story, told as only Miss Hine can tell such a story when it is surrounded by family difficulties and lovers' misunderstandings. Miss Hine is to be congratulated on her reproduction of a time when conventions unknown to-day were, in some respects, more binding than the law. "JUNIUS."

CLASS REUNION (continued from page 289)

corner of his eye, and as he caught her glance he smiled and took off his hat.

"Will you come and have tea with me?" he said.

Mrs. Delaine's famous blue eyes stared into his blue ones, at first coolly, and then with the irrepressible beginnings of a smile. At the same time the weariness seemed to leave her body; exhilaration and confidence flooded in a warm tide through her limbs. She lifted her beautiful long neck and smiled up into his smiling face.

"But aren't you rather a presumptuous young man?" she asked.

"Insufferably," he said promptly. "I've been following you ever since you came out of that teashop."

"I should be cross with you."

"But you're not going to be. Please!" he begged, impudent and charming. "You're going to come along and have tea with me. I can't tell you how much I'd like that."

"But I've just had tea."

"Then you're going to have some more."

Rhoda Delaine tilted back her head and began to laugh uncontrollably. The thought had come into her head: "What if any of 'the girls' should come along and find me with this absurd boy?" And at the same time the life and the new confidence were surging like a drug through her veins. She felt young and electric. The sun had come out again in a burst of pale yellow warmth.

"Do you know," she said, "I'm going to show you just how presumptuous you are, young man! You've made a mistake this time. I'm old enough to be your mother very easily, my dear. My name is Delaine—Rhoda Delaine. If you haven't heard of it your mother will have done."

She saw his eyes widen and his brows go up. He flushed rather nicely.

"I agree," he said, "that I ought to apologise most humbly, Mrs. Delaine. But it only shows how good my taste is. Will you come along to the Fitz and have some tea and listen to the apologies that I shall make up on the way? Ah, please do!"

"I'm staying there," she said weakly.

She felt so buoyant, so young! In a shop window she caught sight of her taut, slim reflection. Yes, that corsetière had certainly been a success . . .

"Why, look," said the young man gaily, "there's that chap with the violets!" and he plunged over to buy her some. She stood waiting, smiling helplessly at his broad shoulders, basking in the sunshine. He reminded her of someone. Who was it? George le Massey—that was it! Funny how poor George's face came back all of a sudden, sharp as a photograph.

She stood waiting, basking in the sunshine like an old cat. At the same time she turned towards a shop window so that her profile, her still beautiful and unravaged profile, should be the first thing that he noticed when he came back with the violets. M. P. D.

FASHIONS FANCIES

Long coats are having a new vogue, and Burberry's, in the Haymarket, are among those responsible for the same. The model on the right is of a dark green diagonal Saxony with skunk collar, while the one on the left is a study in black, white and silver-grey with grey astrakhan collar. This firm's weatherproof overcoats are known all the world over and are suitable for every kind of weather in every climate

The IMPORTANT TOP-COAT

A NEW COATEE AND SLEEVELESS PULL-OVER

This is one of Scott's, Old Bond St., W., interesting felt hats for sports and country; its weight is insignificant, and the inclemencies of the weather have no deleterious effect on it

The Ubiquitous Top-coat

THERE is no more important occupant of the wardrobe than the top coat. It may be worn over a thin coat and skirt, a cardigan suit, or a simple dress. There is the coat carried out in hard-wearing furs, including natural musquash, pony skin, and foal skin, and there are others of fur cloths, which are dyed a variety of colours, including rich walnut-shell and a deep bottle-green. And then there comes the most popular of all, the cloth or tweed coat trimmed with fur.

Collars and Cuffs Demand Attention

IT is the collars and cuffs of these coats that demand attention. In order that the size of the waist may appear slender many of the collars come well down on the shoulders; it is wonderful the good work that these accessories may do in the art of slimming in the hands of a skilled artist. The majority are very high; they come in contact with the brim of the hat and afford protection to the ears. Quite a new idea is to have a collar of the same fabric as the coat about two inches high, edged with fur. It is not likely that it will really score a success until the spring arrives. Sleeves are trimmed in a variety of ways, but never at the wrists; the time-honoured cuff has completely disappeared. It may be that narrow bands of fur about an inch wide are arranged on serpentine lines; again, there may be a "puff" of fur at the elbows.

Tweed and Tweed Effects

IT is extremely difficult to differentiate between stockinette with tweed effects and tweed. They are equally modish and have their individual rôles to play. The former fabric is never seen to greater advantage than when used for a cardigan suit. A decidedly attractive model was expressed in black, white, and nigger. The skirt, which fitted perfectly over the hips, was arranged with panels of inverted pleats; the cardigan had half-handkerchief revers and deep gauntlet cuffs of a lighter shade than the suit. Sometimes these suits have very modified Medici collars and narrow revers of wool astrakhan.

Keeping Pace with Fashion

IN these days when women rejoice in the healthy exercise of walking, shoes are an important consideration. And especially are shoes of the heavier type demanded, for there are few women who do not now join in almost every form of sport. It is certain that a visit must be paid to the house of Faulkner, 51, South Molton Street, for they have a world-wide reputation as bootmakers. Their Norwegian model of Service leather is excellent for heavy types of sport where a waterproof shoe is required. It embraces comfort with strength. To combine with tweed, in the country or on the links, there is a golf shoe made of soft Service leather with a fringed tongue. The riding boot is made from the finest calf and is extremely neat and comfortable in fit. On the other hand, smart models for town wear are not neglected. The most interesting of these is a white lizard shoe with fixings of soft brown calf and a heel of just the correct height.

The House of Faulkner has a world-wide reputation for admirably cut footwear for every occasion. A special feature is made of riding boots and golf shoes

LADIES SHOULD LOOK FOR THE COURTAULD HOUSE MARK WHEN BUYING DRESS AND LINGERIE FABRICS.

COURTAULDS FABRICS

IT IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY AND SATISFACTORY SERVICE.

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Some of the most important clothes plans of the year are now afoot. Base all your dresses and lingerie on the use of COURTAULDS' FABRICS; you will thus secure the "absolutely right" shades and effects, and prevent any disappointment when your lovely raiment has to meet the tests of use. Whether you incline to Rayon or mixture fabrics or those splendid all-silk Crêpe-de-Chines and Satins in which Courtaulds are equally successful, the knowledge of Courtaulds' guarantee and the fact that all their products are British manufacture, will assure highest worth and truly exceptional service.

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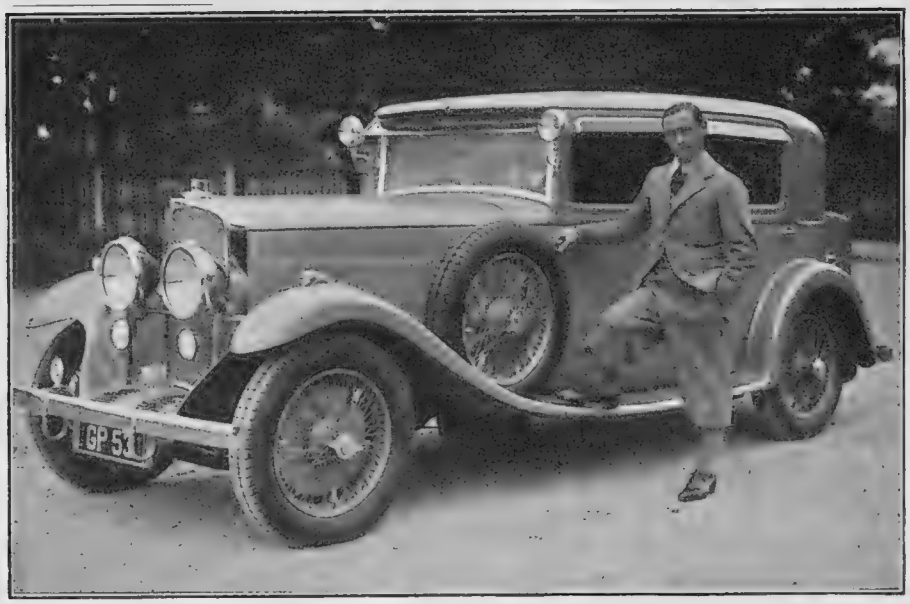
MOTOR NOTES



R. Jones, the well-known jockey, with his new car. It is an attractive "Ninety" Talbot Special Saloon, and was supplied by Pass and Joyce, Ltd.

IN SCOTLAND NOW!

By E. M. WRIGHT

"THE Motor Show will open at the Kelvin Hall on November 13." No, I have not forgotten Olympia—who could? I am merely writing for Scottish readers of THE BYSTANDER in exactly the same strain as I have already written for those to whom Olympia is the centre of all things. North of the Border the Kelvin Hall in Glasgow is as much the Mecca of every right-thinking owner-driver as Olympia is to the Scotsmen who form no inconsiderable proportion of the population of London. To the proud Englishman, it will come as a shock to learn that the Scottish Motor Show is senior to Olympia. This year's Show is the thirtieth of the series. England can boast of only twenty-five. Up Scotland!

***

THE Scottish Motor Show scores another point, too, in the arrangement of its exhibits. It is the agents, and not the manufacturers, who show the cars. Hence many examples of the same model are to be seen on different stands. The crowd is evened up; and instead of jostling with a hundred people to catch a glimpse of some popular model, you can—in theory, at least—go to another stand and see the same car in comfort. Another advantage is that two or three makes are often exhibited on the same stand, and the ordinary visitor has thus an excellent opportunity of comparing one with another.

***

AT Olympia you flit like a bee from flower to flower, and, to continue the simile, the honey is apt to get a little mixed. You leave the Show with your mind in a whirl, for as soon as you have torn yourself away from one stand the impressions you gained are obliterated by the glib talk of another salesman "pushing" another make of car. At the Kelvin Hall the two cars may be side by side, and the salesman *must* remain strictly neutral. It is in his interest to give you a fair impression of both. Olympia is rather like a store with highly specialised departments, but the Kelvin Hall has all the fascination of the bargain counter in the basement.

SIR HERBERT AUSTIN

The head of the famous motor car manufacturing firm bearing his name. Owing to wrong information supplied by the photographer, the photograph which appeared in our issue of October 28 was not of Sir Herbert Austin, as stated in the caption, but of Mr. E. L. Payton, the Financial Director of the Austin Motor Co., Ltd

I SEEM to be praising the Scottish Motor Show to the skies, and at the same time to be damning Olympia. But, as its citizens never tire of reminding us, Glasgow is the "second city in the Empire." As such it deserves a compliment now and then; and no praise is so dear to the average Scotsman's heart as the comparison which demonstrates beyond a shadow of a doubt that matters are ordered better north of the Tweed. Let that be my excuse—if excuse be needed. As a matter of fact, this year the Scottish Motor Show enjoys one very real advantage over Olympia. But before I go on I should explain that this is not due to canny foresight, but is purely a matter of luck. Olympia was held in the shadow of a General Election; and, coupled with political uncertainty, there were grave doubts as to the future of the pound. The General Election has rolled the clouds away. We know our political future, and with the return of the National Government we can look forward to a period of financial stability. Olympia unquestionably suffered from the prevailing uncertainty.

***

DEALERS and private buyers alike were afraid to make too bold a plunge, but the Scottish Motor Show opens in a period of mounting confidence in the future. There is a widespread feeling that the worst is over and that the new year will see the beginning of better times. Though the month be November there will be summer sunshine in the Kelvin Hall, and the dourest of the dour *must* smile.

And now comes a blow to the Scotsman's pride. The Scottish Motor Show is not an international Show like Olympia or the Paris Salon. The public to which it appeals speaks the tongue of Robert Burns and little else besides. Nevertheless, the success of the Scottish Show suggests that we ought to have more localised shows in this country. The august bodies who have decreed that Great Britain shall enjoy two motor shows only every year might well reverse their decision. One of the reasons brought forward for the falling attendances at Olympia is that provincial visitors no longer make the pilgrimage. If the provinces will not go to Olympia, Olympia must go to the provinces. After its "London run" Olympia should "go on tour."

***

IT is time, too, that the rules which virtually preclude manufacturers from exhibiting at the British Industries Fair were relaxed. Olympia itself is not so international as the Fair, and the buyers at the latter are all men in a big way of business. Cars would be sold, not singly, but in hundreds at a time. When we are straining every nerve to extend our overseas trade in cars, as in everything else, it is unfortunate, to say the least, that one of our greatest industries is unrepresented at an exhibition, which should give a bird's-eye view of the whole range of British industry and enterprise.

(Continued on page iv)

REGARDED FROM ANY ANGLE
THE NEW FORD
IS A HUNDRED-PER-CENT. PROPOSITION

The New FORD "De Luxe" Fordor Saloon, £225 at Works (14.9 h.p. engine, £5 extra)

Look at the "lines." Test the comfort of the body-work. Sample the lightness, yet truth, of the steering. Experience the restfulness and road-worthiness of the suspension, at any speed, over any surface. Investigate the noiselessness of the all-steel, one-piece body-construction. Examine, most searchingly, the power developed by the engine, at anything above idling speed. Then satisfy yourself of the real security afforded by those brakes.

Ask an experienced FORD Owner to tell you about running-costs. Take his opinion of FORD Facilities, the ubiquitous, unique service organisation, with a definite, fixed, low charge for every operation, every replacement.

LINCOLN Ford FORDSON

AIRCRAFT

THEN SUM-UP . .

Consider whether or not any other car can approach the New FORD in value for money, in direct, forcible appeal to the buyer who does *not* buy a car to run it for twelve months and scrap it.

In the long run, for year-after-year service, there is nothing to compare with the New FORD.

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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

IN THE NEWS

Popular Models

Though all the cars to be exhibited at the Scottish Motor Show have already made their début in London, I shall touch very briefly on a few of the cars which are certain to attract as much attention at the Kelvin Hall as they did at Olympia. There is, for instance, the Hillman Minx. (Another of those queerly named cars, but at least not an insect or a reptile this time!) It is an excellent example of the luxury small car, and will be seen on many agents' stands. The Hillman Wizard and the Vortic, of course, need no introduction, and of the former a dozen models will be on view. One of the few motor firms who will themselves exhibit at the Show is the Humber Company. In addition, Humber cars are to be shown by no fewer than nine agents. Many agents, too, are showing attractive examples of both the Austin and the Morris ranges. Among Standard cars, of course the new Little Nine should prove as successful in Glasgow as it did in London

A photograph taken during the receat visit of the Sultan of Johore to the Firestone Company's factory on the Great West Road. The group shows, from left to right, Mr. W. E. Duck, the Managing Director of the Firestone factory at Brentford, the Sultana of Johore, Mrs. D. A. Ross, the wife of the General Manager of the Firestone rubber plantation in Liberia, the Sultan of Johore, who lately announced his intention of sacrificing a large portion of his income in order to assist the Government during the period of National Economy, and Mrs. W. E. Duck

The Turning Tide

Despite the slump several of our leading motor firms have had a record year both at home and overseas. For the 1931 season, which closed at the end of September, the sales of Vauxhall cars were more than three times as large as those of any previous year. More encouraging still, sales for export during the same period were very nearly four times as great as in past years.

Better Garages

To stimulate interest in the improvement of our garages, a gold medal has been offered by Lord Wakefield to the member of the Institute of the Motor Trade who writes the best essay on "The Characteristics of a Successful Garage Business in 1940." The best three essays of those submitted will be read before the Institute, and voted upon by members, who have decided to present silver medals to the two runners-up.

Get-You-Home—in I.F.S.

The "Get-You-Home" Service organised by the R.A.C. has now been extended to the Irish Free State by arrangement with the Royal Irish Automobile Club. All R.I.A.C. appointed repairers and garagers will accept the English Club's "Get-You-Home" vouchers, and members of the R.A.C. will enjoy the same advantages as are available in all parts of Great Britain. This arrangement comes into force at the beginning of next year.

Don't Shut the Door

With the arrival of winter, I must again warn motorists against the danger of running the engine in a closed garage. Every year there are quite a number of deaths due to poisoning from exhaust gases. However chilly the winds that blow from Greenland's icy mountains they will do you more good than a lung full of carbon monoxide. E. M. W.

One hundred and eleven years of existence—of experience—of progress are concentrated into every bottle of Mackinlay's Whisky. That is why we say "There's no use talking—TASTE IT!"

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CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., Distillers: Leith, and at Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, S.W.1.
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A new book, published at 1/- and containing nearly two hundred intriguing recipes, ***will be sent free of charge*** on application to Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd., Dept. 2, 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

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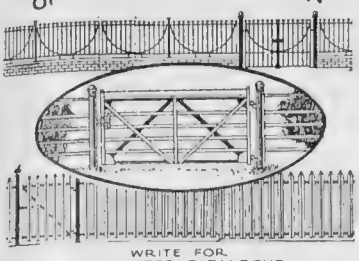
It was realised 138 years ago that Rowland's Macassar Oil was the perfect hair preparation, because it was something more than just a dressing. The reason is its very close resemblance to the natural oil of the scalp. It gives life to all classes of hair, keeps it rich and thick, and prevents greyness. It is still recognised as the leading hair preparation to-day.

Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers. 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, Golden for fair or grey hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD., 22, Laystall Street, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1

IRON AND STEEL FENCING & GATES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION



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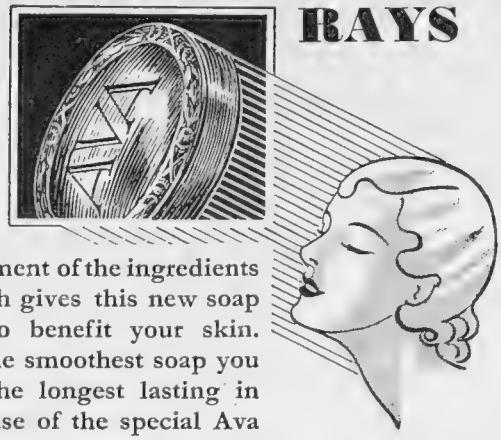

IT IS the treatment of the ingredients in Ava which gives this new soap such powers to benefit your skin. You'll find it the smoothest soap you ever used. The longest lasting in fragrance because of the special Ava process. The surest aid to the fresh, lovely skin you desire.

Box of 3 Tablets 2/-

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Guest Size, 3d.

Oatmeal Soap 4d. Tablet White Heather Soap 6d. Tablet. Eau de Cologne from 1/6 bottle, Eau de Cologne Hair Fixative, 1/-.

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SIMPLY press the button and the back declines, or automatically rises, to any position desired by the occupant. Release the button and the back is locked.

The arms open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and can be used as a footstool. When not in use it slides under the seat.

The Reading Desk and Side Tray are adjustable and removable. The only chair combining these conveniences, or that is so easily adjusted. The Upholstery is exceptionally deep, with spring elastic edges.

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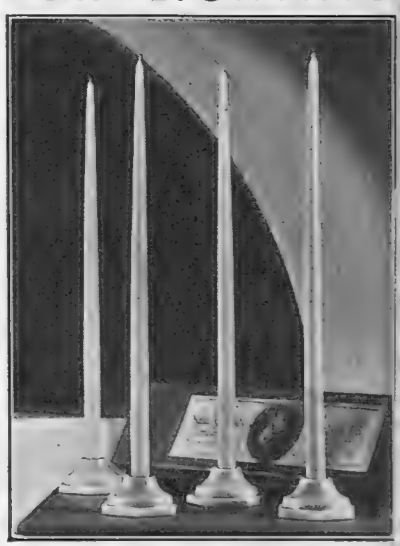

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FREE: An illustrated "Nell Gwynn" Candle booklet will be sent post free on request to J. C. and J. Field, Ltd., Dept. A, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the Reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

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HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.

CONSOMMÉ ROYAL.

BROCHET DE HUÎTRES.

FILETS DE BŒUF À LA BÉARNAISE.
EPINARDS AU JUS.

FAISAN RÔTI.

SALADE DES ANANAS.

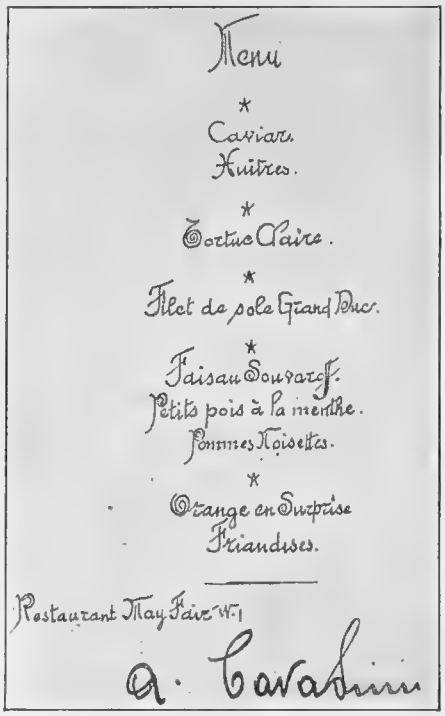
CLACÉ CHOCOLAT.

CAVIAR AUX CREVETTES.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Brochet de Huîtres

PUT 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan with ¼ gill of cream, stir over the fire till thoroughly hot; then add a small wineglassful of Chablis, one tablespoonful of anchovy essence and lemon rind grated. Pour half of this mixture into a buttered dish and lay a dozen large bearded oysters on it; sprinkle over Parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs. Pour the remainder of the sauce over, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle some more breadcrumbs and cheese on top and bake in a brisk oven until nicely browned. Serve very hot in the dish in which it is cooked.



The menu of an attractive dinner served recently at the May Fair Hotel. It has been signed by the Restaurant Manager, M. A. Cavalini

Filets de Bœuf à la Béarnaise

TAKE a piece of the undercut of the sirloin; cut it into neat fillets, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, and cook them with a little butter on a tin in the oven, but do not let them be overdone. Add a piece of glaze the size of a walnut, and when dissolved turn the fillets over it. Cut some potatoes into small balls, fry in butter till done and of a golden colour. Dress the fillets round the potatoes heaped up in the middle of the dish, with the following sauce over the fillets: Rub a saucepan with a clove of garlic and put into it four shallots with a tumblerful of water, and half that quantity of tarragon vinegar; let the whole boil till reduced to one tumblerful; strain the liquor and let it get cold. Take the strained yolks of three eggs and mix gradually with the above liquor, add salt to taste and two ounces of fresh butter. Stir this mixture over a slow fire till it thickens, then add a teaspoonful of finely minced tarragon.

Salade des Ananas

CUT as many round slices of pine-apple as may be required and put each slice in a salad bowl. Place upon each slice two or three sections of orange, freed from skin and pips, and fill the centre with finely shredded endive and celery. Next pour over the centre about a dessertspoonful of mayonnaise sauce, then cover with a little whipped cream, seasoned with a suspicion of pepper and salt, and serve.

Caviar aux Crevettes

SPREAD some caviar on buttered toast and garnish with picked prawns.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Final Reminder

To-day is Remembrance Day, and surely there is no better way of remembering those who fell in the Great War than by helping those of their comrades who are still with us but in dire need of help. For months past disabled ex-Servicemen have been busy making Flanders Poppies at the British Legion Poppy Factory in aid of Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, and to-day, as is the usual custom on November 11th, these will be on sale all over the country. Give, and give generously for your poppies to-day, and thus help the men whose interests should ever be nearest our own hearts.

Vintages of the Year

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the well-known wine merchants, of 133, Regent Street, W.1, report the following regarding 1931 vintages:—

CHAMPAGNE.—The unusually wet weather in July, August, and September in the Champagne district prevented the proper ripening of the grapes—the October sunshine came too late to save the vintage, which will be below the average. Practically no wine will be made for export.

SHERRY.—Weather conditions in Spain have been favourable to the proper ripening of the grapes, and the wine resulting will be of excellent quality, though rather less in quantity than last year.

PORT.—Very fine weather has been experienced in Portugal, and the grapes in the Douro vineyards have ripened well. "Musts" have been high, and the colour of the wine perfect. Quantity and quality are both excellent.

Miss Irene Clarke, of Coventry, who is adjudged the possessor of the most perfect figure in the Midlands. She is employed by the British Piston Ring Company, the manufacturers of Brico Piston Rings, and is seen above with the largest ring made by this company

BURGUNDY.—The red wines are of rather poor quality and colour this year in most places, but in Cote-d'Or, where the vintage takes place later in the year, slightly better results may be hoped for. 1931 has been the coldest and most sunless summer experienced in this part of the world for many years.

BORDEAUX WINES.—Owing to the lack of sunshine in the Bordeaux districts the picking of the grapes had to be carried out in many places before they had fully ripened; the resulting wines will therefore be rather acid and crude. Really good wine from the 1931 vintage must not be expected.

BRANDY.—The vintage in Charante has given a fairly good yield in quantity, and the fine weather experienced just before the gathering of the grapes commenced has done much to improve the quality, which may be said to be good.

RHINE WINES.—The wet summer months have done irretrievable harm to the grapes, and the October sunshine came too late to save much of the crop; where it has been found possible to delay the harvesting better results may be hoped for, but on the whole the 1931 vintage has not been good in Germany.

As will be gathered from the reports quoted above, in the great majority of cases the abnormally wet summer to which Europe was subjected this year played havoc with the prospects of good vintages. Let us hope that next year will make amends for 1931.

HARVEY NICHOLS

IN the Model Gown Department exclusiveness does not imply extravagance. Witness this very lovely gown of heavy dull-finished lace over crêpe-de-Chine, with its deep back décolletage, its demure bustle-basque, and its soft skirt-fulness gracefully controlled by a clever tie.

In beige or black, it costs but 12½ Gns.

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REMEMBRANCE DAY
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One-hundred-per-cent BRITISH PRODUCT

Ready to wear or to measure from 5½ Gns.

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The Coat illustrated is the new Aquascutum Waterproof and Winter Overcoat combined. It is light, yet warm, and can be worn with or without the belt.

By Appointment to His Majesty the King and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Please write for Booklet "F" and Patterns.

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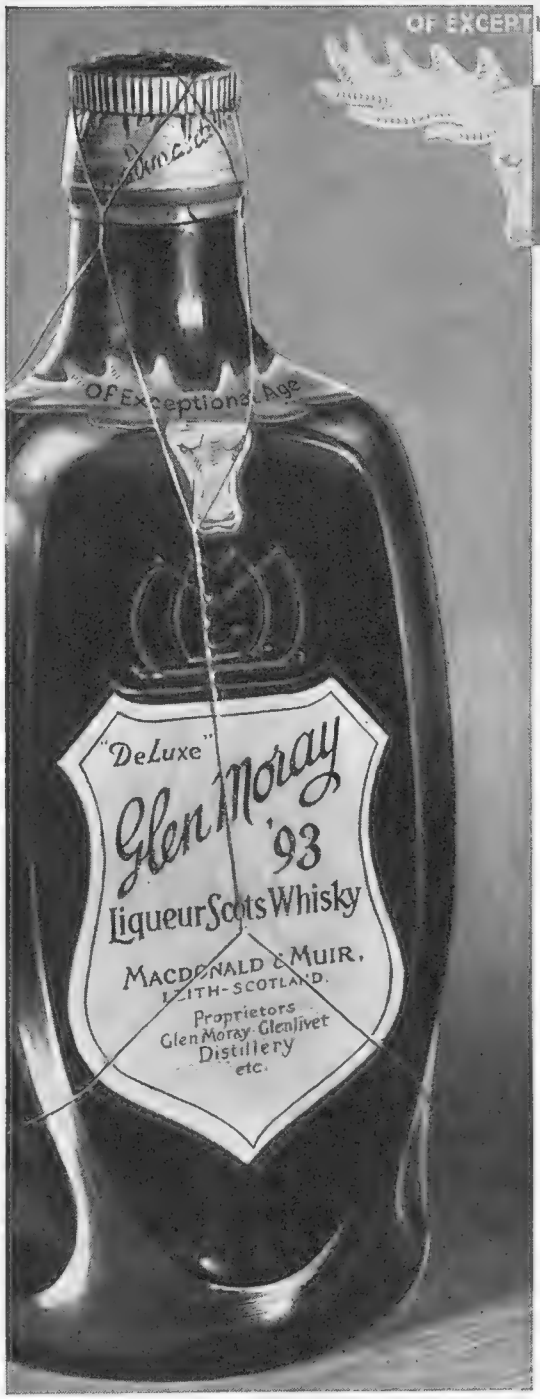
DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE



INTRODUCING

Glen Moray '93

to those who don't know it. It has been on the market for years, but never extensively advertised. A period of business depression may seem an inappropriate time to try to sell dearer Whisky; but "GLEN MORAY '93" will go *much further* than the 'Standard' Whiskies, and the difference (in the U.K.) is only a shilling — 13/6. With *this* in your glass you will derive greater enjoyment. It is worth much more than the modest difference. Give it a trial.

"Glen Moray '93" is the finest product of the largest independent Distillers in Scotland, and elder brother to the famous

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THE WHISKY WITH THE BIG NAME

N.B.—The Agency for these Whiskies is open in a few Export Markets, and we shall be glad to hear from any Firms likely to be interested.

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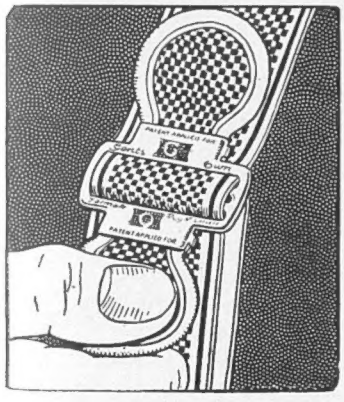

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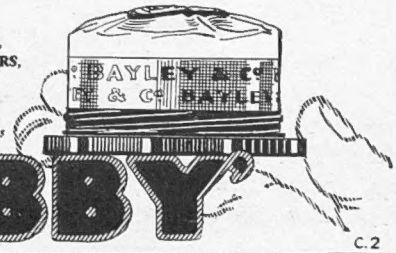

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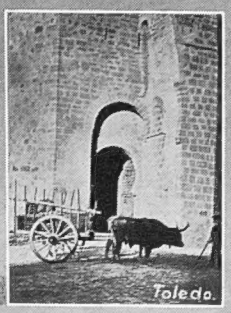
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